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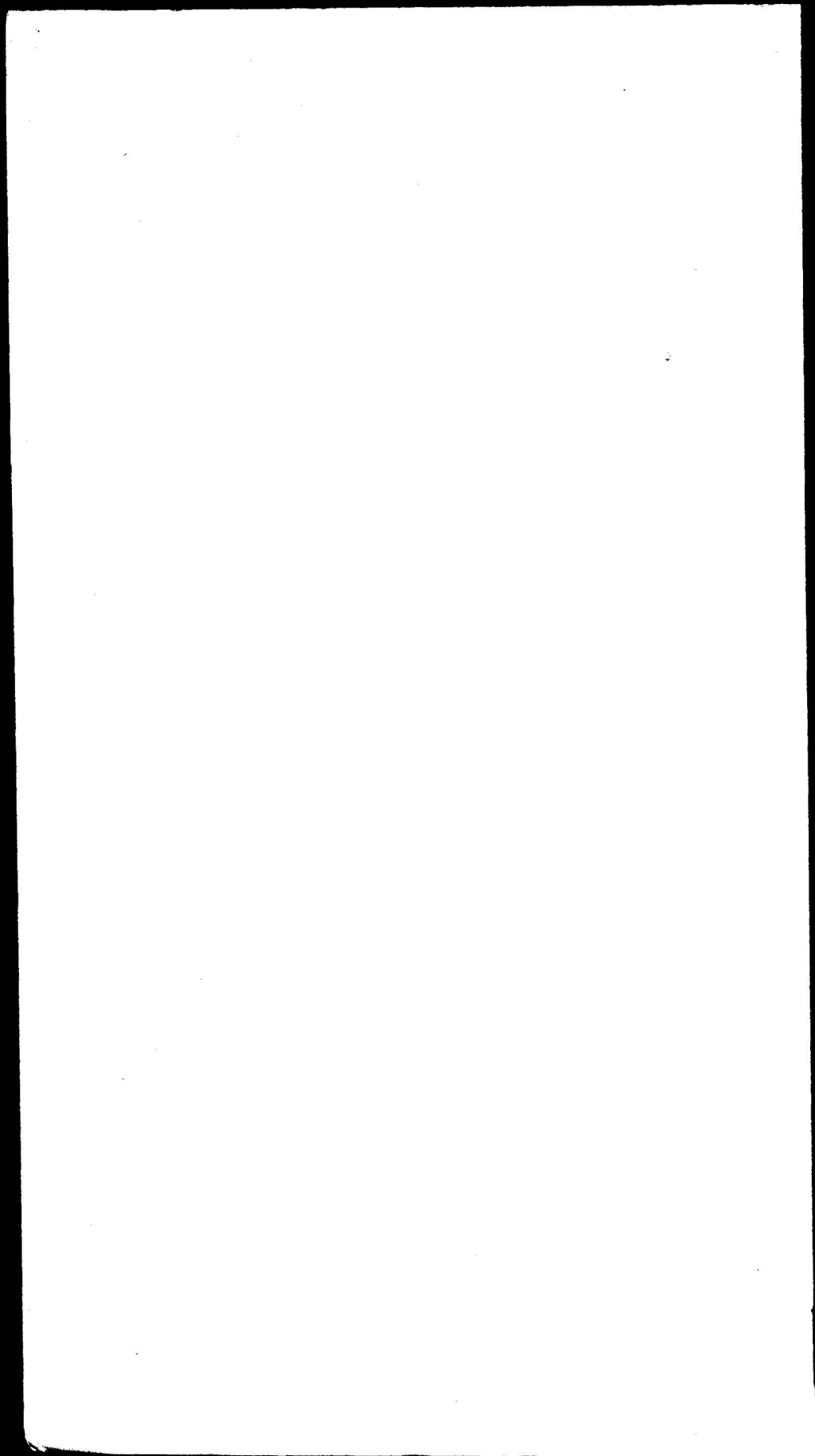
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Author

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Ad. to the Library of Congress
Lofman H. Bagg, 22 June, 1908.

[Reprinted from the "Biographical Records of the Yale Class of 1869," Vol. V., pp. 13-22.]

OBITUARY NOTICE
OF
"A Yale Graduate of '69"

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

March 20, 1890.



Mailed for twenty-five cents by KARL KRON, Publisher, at the University Building,
Washington Square, New York City.

Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle, by a Yale Graduate of '69. Forty-one chapters, 908 pages of 675,000 words, bound in blue muslin, with beveled edges and gilded top; dedicated to the memory of "the Best of Bull-Dogs," whose photogravure likeness forms the frontispiece. Price two dollars, boxed and prepaid by mail or express. Unbound sheets, without the portrait, one dollar. The sheets of any single chapter, twenty-five cents.

Curl, the Best of Bull-Dogs; a Study in Animal Life. Twenty-eight pages of 14,000 words, with photogravure frontispiece, from ambrotype of 1858; appendix of 132 pages, giving specimens of the text and newspaper notices of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," whereof this biography forms the twenty-eighth chapter. Bound in olive-green paper; price twenty-five cents. Extra edition, with second appendix of thirty-three pages (Chapter 38), containing author's autobiography and history of the book, price forty cents; three copies for a dollar.

Castle Solitude in the Metropolis; a Study in Social Science. Fifty-six pages of 34,000 words, with small picture of the Castle; appendix of 132 pages, exhibiting specimens of the text and critical notices of "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," whereof this sketch forms the twenty-ninth chapter. Bound in olive-green paper; price twenty-five cents; five copies for a dollar.

Address all orders to

KARL KRON, PUBLISHER,

The University Building, Washington Square,
New York City, D.

Gift
Author
(Person)

Dec '08

"Life and Times of the Late **Lyman Hotchkiss Bagg**," (in nine octavo volumes of 300 pages each), published May 25, 1887, by his literary executor, "Karl Kron," at 56 University Building, Washington sq., New York City.

"The above variation from the actual title of my *magnum opus* ('Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle: a gazetteer of American roads in many States, —an encyclopedia of wheeling progress in many countries') will perhaps serve to impress on the mind the amount of printed matter represented by the 675,000 words which are compressed into the 908 pages of the actual book. Another phrase suggestive of its magnitude may be quoted from a Pittsburg magazine, the *Bookmart*, which called it "a monument of patience and energy only to be compared with Webster's Dictionary or the Great Pyramid."

As it comprises the touring records of nearly 200 wheelmen, whose contributions I attracted from every part of the globe, hardly more than one-third the text (217,000 words of the 585,400) relates to my own experiences, and, of the 63 pages of indexes, containing 22,800 references, only two and a half pages, of 615 references, concern myself,—193 of these references being to my wheeling record, 172 to the history of the book, and 250 to my life and philosophy as related thereto. The greater part of the two latter indexes refer to the final chapter, of 29,400 words, and the preface, of 5000 words. These two features have been commended as interesting by some critics, and condemned as absurd by others.

My preface begins thus: "This is a book of American roads, for men who travel on the bicycle. Its ideal is that of a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopædia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts." Afterwards I say: "Incidentally, the work is a sort of autobiography, and its vitality would be destroyed if 'the personal equation' could be eliminated. Yet there is no boastfulness in the book, and precious little vanity. Intent solely upon my story and not upon myself, I make such incidental mention of myself as the story seems to need. If I carry the confident air of a life which has done nothing to be concealed or regretted, there goes along with it the conciliatory notion of a life which has won nothing worthy of public boast, and which expects no public honor in the future."

The reviewer of the *Hartford Courant* (presumably C. H. Clark, of Yale '71) showed approval of this employment of "scientific and unobtrusive egotism" for enlivening my mass of road statistics, in the following words: "The book would be as dull, prosaic and borous as the author has aimed to make it, if he had been able to live up to his ideal. Luckily, he couldn't. His individuality has asserted itself. He himself has crowded in,—among the three-cornered stones, the up-grades and the pauses to oil the machine, —and some of his literary excursions are exquisite."

As Bardeen is the only '69 man besides myself whose business is book-publishing and whose sport is bicycling, and as he is the only one of my

30 advance subscribers from '69 who has obeyed my request (p. 715) about favoring me with a criticism of any "points" suggested by an examination of the book, I venture to quote these extracts from his letter to me of September 11, 1888, as a text and pretext for the long tale which is to follow:

I took the book up home, expecting to glance through it before going to bed. After a little browsing, I struck the chapter on "Curl" and read it through. Then I started on "Castle Solitude" and nearly finished that. As I am careful of my eyes, and rarely read by gaslight books in smaller than long primer type, it is significant that your smallest type [nonpareil: same size as these present lines] did not tire my eyes. It is almost incredibly distinct. But unquestionably it repels buyers,—especially those not particularly bookish in their tastes, like the average bicyclist. I have heard an ordinarily intelligent man say he always supposed the larger the type the more matter there was in the book!

[In spots, here and there] I have read perhaps a third of your book. Whether it is because I have some acquaintance with you, and my palate is accustomed to the particular smack of your style, I don't know; but certainly the "egotism" some of your critics complain of did not strike me unfavorably at all. You give an immense amount of information about yourself, but it is all of a statistical and not of a critical kind. To me such facts are interesting, valuable. If it be worth while to give three years to watching a baby,—chronicling when it could tell sugar from codfish and green from purple,—I don't see why it is not worth while to give (what never before has been given) the hours and dollars that are required to make a book. In all the pages I have read, I have come across nothing I should want omitted, either as a purchaser or as your classmate.

I quite agree with your inference that the magazines showed queer taste in rejecting the bull-dog sketch. It is a genuine study of animal life, remarkably well told, it seems to me. It is a good while since I have read "Rab and His Friends:" but that didn't make any stronger impression on me than your chapter on "Curl" does now.

As to prospects of selling, that is a problem every publisher wrestles with anew when he gets out a new book. In everything except books adding to a series by popular authors, publishing is a lottery. Most issues are blanks; but now and then one hits a \$10,000 prize. I don't know but your way of selling is as good as any. You have sold more than any bookseller would have sold for you; and your only mistake is in giving too much for the money. The undertaking was gigantic, and the pile is monumental to "Curl" and to his master.

The foregoing citations are designed to show that, while any acquaintance who is interested in my "life and opinions" may readily discover a pretty complete record of them by consulting three special indexes, that record is still quite subsidiary to the mass of information about roads, riding and riders, which 17 other indexes render just as quickly available to non-acquaintances. The size of this mass of facts also explains my seeming slowness in completing it; for the actual book, which was published in May of 1887, contains *nine times* the amount of matter which was promised in January of 1884, when inviting "dollar subscriptions" for the proposed book, which was to be issued before the end of that year.

Now, if a man should for nine successive years annually produce a 300-page book of 250 words to the page, people would call him a fairly industrious author, even though he did nothing else. But not only did I produce in less than four years the equivalent of nine such volumes (675,000 words) but I at the same time carried on an enormous correspondence, in attracting 3600 advance subscriptions, from every part of the globe, and in arranging agencies in more than 150 principal towns, where fellow-wheelmen, as a mere act of good-will to the sport, and without any money reward or com-

mission, should help me force a sale of 30,000 books. I kept no exact record of the amount of this writing of mine as a "publisher;" but I am confident that, when combined with the numberless circulars and advertisements which I printed in the cycling press, it would equal or surpass the 675,000 words which I produced as an "author,"—making my total composition in both capacities equivalent to 18 volumes of 300 pages each.

During 1885, I was so eager to "get through" (for the completion of the task then always seemed possible "within two or three months"), that I did not once mount my bicycle, or take any sort of a vacation, except when Beers beguiled me, at the middle of September, to tramp with him four days *al fresco*. Sauntering from Newburg to Cornwall, West Point and the Ramapo valley, we "covered" 28 miles pleasantly in the time mentioned; but, immediately after this, my right hand gave symptoms of "pen paralysis," and so I quickly taught myself to use the left,—and I wrote the rest of the book (considerably more than half) with that hand. In November of '88, when I was pretty well tired out, my left hand also showed signs of this same "writer's cramp" (though from April of '88 I had done most of my work on a type-writer); but a few weeks' rest, and the easier life I have since led, seem to have cured the tendency. I am now ambidextrous, and can even sign my name with both hands simultaneously. As a matter of prudence and discipline, I continue to do most of my pen-pushing with the left hand; but when it is tired, or when I wish for greater rapidity or elegance, I use the right.

In 1886, though I was desperately anxious to "finish," I feared I might not survive without a little bicycling to enliven me; and so I indulged in 40 rides, with a total mileage of 856. On June 22, in passing through Somerville, N. J., I narrowly escaped being maimed or killed by having a carelessly-driven horse dash into me from the rear, without warning (as detailed on p. 733 of book); and, on October 1, I ran away from New York to avoid the ruin implied in having my almost-completed work brought to a standstill by a summons to do jury-duty. I did not return until February 15, 1887, or when notified that my fine had been remitted as a non-resident, and my name taken off the list. This exile of 137 days was by far the longest one in my experience since I first pitched my tent on Washington Square, in 1876, for a 40 years' sojourn. On the other extreme stands 1889, when I kept most closely to the city, being absent from it only 18 days in all. During the five years, 1884-8, I lived fully a quarter of the time at West Springfield,—my visits there covering 481 of the 1827 days.

A chief reason of this was the convenience of superintending the manufacture of my book at the works of the Springfield Printing Co., where its first type was set in January, 1885, and where its last page plunged into the electrotypers' bath at 5.15 p. m. of May 24, 1887. From then till July 13, I grappled with the problem of getting 4000 books (two-thirds the whole edition) properly distributed among the depositaries who had agreed to collect the subscriptions and find new buyers for me. Then I took a breathing-spell (my only rest for the year), in the shape of a week's cruise to the Thimble Islands, with Clarke and Beers,—ending at Morris Cove, at daybreak of July 20, after a perilous night's drifting from Charles Island,—which forlorn spot we briefly revisited in sweet memory of our Freshman

Annual dinner there in 1866. The "arch club of '69" will probably make no further appearance in history; for, though we three hardy mariners had a characteristically amusing time, we were thwarted in our best efforts at roping in Lee, Evarts, Cameron and other surviving able seamen of the old crowd,—and I suppose that not even a trio thereof will ever sail together again.

My unexampled success in attracting "dollar subscriptions" (2400 within a year from the issue of my prospectus for a 300-page book) led me gradually to adopt the theory that, in return for putting nine times the promised amount of material into the volume, I might force a large sale of it for a long term of years, at the \$2 rate,—perhaps even approaching the first year's average of 50 copies a week. Experience proved, however, as early as the middle of October, 1887,—or within three months from the time I had put my selling machinery in motion,—that my enthusiasm had got the better of my judgment,—that I had made the mistake (as Bardeen says) of "giving too much for the money." About an eighth of my 150 depositaries rendered all the help I hoped for, by promptly collecting the subscriptions and selling the extra books; the other seven-eighths manifested various degrees of good-will, activity and indifference; but the general result showed the system was a failure.

Thus devolved upon me the need of making a direct hunt for buyers, with such vigor as might be left after spurring up my "copartners" to do their duty by the scheme. As the general tenor of the notices in the 100 newspapers to which I sent copies for review had been very favorable, and as a good many subscribers had written their commendations in quotable shape, I gave the first two months of '88 to compiling a pamphlet of these opinions (52 pp.), and my own "arguments and instructions to wheelmen" (34 pp.), and specimen reprints from the text and indexes of the book (48 pp.), making a very elaborate advertisement, at a cost of \$600. I also wrote introductions to reprints of "Curl" and "Castle Solitude," whereof 1000 each were to be issued as special 25-cent books, containing the notices and opinions before mentioned.

Just as these three pamphlets were almost completed (5000 copies altogether), the printing works at Springfield were suddenly closed by insolvency proceedings, March 31, 1888; and the slow legal processes of "reorganization," combined with later delays at a New York bindery, prevented the property being delivered to me till July 31. On that date, also, I used 96 of my plates for inserting in the "Trade-List Annual," official organ of the book-business, what the *Publishers' Weekly* called "without doubt the longest advertisement of a single book that is until now on record." This was the sole proclamation ever made of my scheme to the general public; and it was designed to show why no discounts were possible under a plan which forbade selling through the bookstores or other usual machinery of the trade.

On October 15, I mailed my 150-page collection of "notices and specimens," containing more matter than I first promised to include in the book which it advertised, to 60 graduates of '69 (being all whose addresses I knew in addition to the 30 on my original list of "dollar subscribers"), with a special circular, calling attention to the fact, that, if they yearned for

my "biog.," they might well buy it in this shape, without waiting for the next Class Record, which I felt myself thus released from contributing to. Bannard and DeGrove were the only men who responded to this appeal; and their cash just about paid the cost of printing and posting it to the others.

This proof that none of them took two dollars' worth of interest in my own personal career as a bicycler, was not altogether surprising,—for as much might have been implied in their failure to "tumble" when I hurled my first prospectus at them, two years earlier; but I *was* shocked and disappointed at the demonstration that not even a quarter's worth of interest was taken in my bull-dog's portrait and biography (largely told by himself, in moments of confidence, and related by me from memory). I had so persistently chanted the praises of the beloved beast during the whole period of our college life, that I believed most of the men would have some curiosity left, even 20 years afterwards, for the story showing what manner of dog he really was. I may add here, "with strictly judicial mind," that he was a good dog, and that his story is well worth the money. "It was a work of entire affection; and, when I had finished it, it seemed to me not only the best that my pen had ever produced, but the best it was ever capable of producing,—a bright, consummate flower of verbal expression, such as I might never expect to duplicate."

Although the wheelmen at whom I industriously fired my "notices" during the autumn of '88, gave a better response to them than the group of classmates just mentioned, I found, when the year ended, and I figured out the "demnition total," that I couldn't work fast enough to force sales up to the point of yielding a livelihood. As a business-man, I was bound to admit that I had been beaten. After five years' solitary confinement at hard labor, I had indeed erected a \$10,000 monument to the memory of my bull-dog (an admirable character, worthy of a larger outlay); but I had somehow failed to fix the "plant" in such shape as to be very productive for bread-and-butter purposes. My mental condition was that of the preacher, who, when he had passed the hat without gaining a single copper, "humbly offered thanks for the kindness of Providence in securing to him the safe return of his hat from such a congregation." I was glad to have at least escaped with my life, even though sad at seeing the wreck wrought by the betrayal of the confidence I had reposed in the generous sympathy of my "3000 copartners."

While looking about for some sort of work which might supplement my inadequate income from the book business, I happened to be told of a vacancy in the librarianship of the University Club; and, as the Yale contingent in that body is quite numerous and influential, my application for the place was granted, and I began work March 20, 1889. So far as I am able to judge, after a year's experience which has proved entirely pleasant to myself, I have "filled the bill" satisfactorily to the members, and so may perhaps continue in harness for a good while to come. My average attendance is about 36 hours a week—generally from 6 or 7 o'clock till midnight or later,—and thus my afternoons are left free for work at home or for bicycling. During January and February of 1890, as a precaution against "la grippe, the deadly," I took 16 rides, amounting to 503 miles; and, as I had ridden 477 miles between November 24 and December 31, '89, I may be

said to have had 1000 miles of winter riding. This is an incomparably greater amount than that of any previous winter; and my enjoyment of it was enhanced by the proof it gave, that, despite the mental weariness resulting from the five years' struggle, my physique was unimpaired.

For a similar reason, I mention the fact as among the "proud pleasures of memory," that, in the height of the great blizzard of March 12, 1888, I tramped more than eight miles of the New York streets (without repeating my course at all), between 2.30 and 9.30 p. m., merely for the fun of watching a historic snow-storm triumph over a great city. Though I wore no other head-gear than a slouch hat, and even forgot to put on my gloves, I was but slightly frost-bitten, and suffered only a few days' stiffness in the knees from the tight fit of my top-boots. The envy with which the latter were gazed upon, by the shoe-clad mob of down-town lawyers, brokers and tradesmen, staggering homeward through the snow-drifts, was probably the thing which kept me warm during that unique bit of pedestrianism.

My only other sport in '88 was 512 miles of bicycling, beginning with a ride from Washington Square to West Springfield in August, and then back again to Clarke's house at Edgewater, N. J., opposite the city. From there, I took a three days' ride to Poughkeepsie, ending November 24 at the house of Herrick, with whom I had planned to spend Sunday, and then complete another tour to West Springfield; but, as a big snow-storm forbade further progress, I stored the machine in his attic for exactly a year,—mounting again, as before noted, November 24, 1889, and successfully finishing the interrupted excursion to West Springfield, New Haven and New York,—308 miles in ten days. My total riding on "No. 234 Jr." (April 24, 1884, to February 27, 1890) has been only 4867 miles; whereas I rode 10,082 miles on the original "No. 234" in a little less than five years, ending April 14, 1884. The diminished record means lack of opportunity rather than lack of desire, however; for my enthusiasm over the pastime is just as warm now, in my 44th year, as it was when I first delightedly bounced the Pickering bone-shaker over the New Haven sidewalks, 21 years ago.

On the first and last pages of the latest-written chapter in my book (Dec. 31, 1886; pp. 572, 590), I mention the necessity of a supplementary volume ("2 X. M."), to contain the stock of road-information even then left on my hands, in spite of my having printed nine times the mass of matter promised by my first prospectus. The possibility of such a supplement had occurred to me as early as May, 1885, as shown by allusions on pp. 211, 501; and my formal "proposals" for it, on pp. 716, 717, were written in Sept., 1886, and implied the possible appearance of "My Second Ten Thousand" in 1890. A condition was that at least a third of the original subscribers to the first book should declare their satisfaction with it by promptly pledging a dollar each towards the production of this 300-page supplement; but, as hardly a hundred of them did so, I long ago abandoned the idea of making further sacrifices for the spread of cycling literature. On p. 61 of my advertising pamphlet, I mention "Forty Years Out of Yale, by a Graduate of '69," as likely to be published in 1909, if I am alive then,—even though my projected 40 years' tenancy of the University Building will not expire till Friday, Sept. 1, 1916. I issued a circular, Dec. 24, 1888, saying that the "Genealogy of the Bagg Family," whose compilation I spent considerable

time upon for the first eight years after graduation, had not advanced at all since '77, and would probably never be printed, unless someone else should take my manuscripts and complete the work.

Although still classed in the directory as a "journalist," my only newspaper writing since the Cleveland campaign of '84, was in the form of a series of letters about the Centennial Memorial Arch, printed in 23 successive daily issues of the *Commercial Advertiser*, beginning May 13, 1889. I had no previous acquaintance with that paper; but, as my first letter was promptly accepted, I followed it up with a second, and then a third and fourth; and so I got the habit of hammering away every night,—half surprised each afternoon at finding my letter published, but resolved to write "one more," just as long as the paper made no break in printing them. When the latest letter was held over for a day, I drew a long breath of relief, and declined to supply a successor to it. The exciting cause for this prolonged burst of enthusiasm, at a time when I was too tired to engage in any writing at my own proper business, was the fact that the site selected for the arch was none other than my own beloved Washington Square, "the true center of the world." The erection of such a massive memorial in this sacred spot has a personal as well as patriotic interest to me, as it will bar out the land grabbers, and be a hostage to fortune for preserving intact the University Building so long as I need it as a residence. Scott was with me, on one of its battlemented turrets, when the great centennial procession of April 30 was parading below along the square.

"Karl Kron" was the name attached to this "damnable iterative" series of arch letters; it is the name to which I have succeeded in restricting all printed allusions to myself in connection with the book business; it is even the name by which I keep my bank account; and no wheelmen in conversation ever presume to address me by another name, even if they know I have another. My intercourse with such is restricted almost entirely to those enthusiasts whose sincere sympathy has been shown by active efforts in behalf of my work. Since 1883, I have carefully kept away from all clubs and public gathering of cyclers,—partly to prevent any imputation that my book-scheme was planned to foster my personal notoriety among them; and now that they, as a class, have failed to adequately reward my five years' exclusive devotion to their interests, I shall not only continue to avoid their public meetings, but shall also, in resuming "life on the road," fight shy of individual riders who have not given the necessary "guaranty of good-faith" by putting up money for the book. I shall henceforth look upon every such "casual" with an evil eye, as possibly enrolled on my black-list of subscribers who have refused to pay even the promised paltry half-price. Unless, therefore, he remove this harrowing suspicion by investing \$2 worth of fraternal feeling in a peace-offering to my wounded conceit, I shall feel that he does not need the inspiration of my personal converse, and shall pass him by on the other side.

The foregoing remarks may help to make clear what I mean in designating my engagement at the club library as a kind of "recall to life." It is a return to the sight and presence of my old-time acquaintances,—to the sympathies and influences which control college-bred men in general,—the men of my own sort. The work is quiet and solitary enough to be con-

genial to my tastes, and yet it is done in behalf of, and approximately in the presence of, the largest existing collection of my personal acquaintances. The course of my life since graduation has been so obscure,—“so far from the madding crowd,”—that there is nowhere else any considerable number of people who know me well. Hence, I feel a definite pleasure in getting into touch with them again, after my five years' weary wanderings in the deserts of cycledom, on the track of the always-receding rainbow. Evarts, Lee and Sheldon are on the board of 20 who govern the University Club,—the first-named being secretary, and the second a member of the house-committee. Seven other classmates, non-residents, are also members: Bannard, Bissell, Burrell, Cameron, Herrick, Hooker and Whitney; while four more are listed among the 160 candidates waiting for death or resignation to make vacancies among the 1600 now filling the club to the limit. R. Terry and W. Cook, ex '69, likewise belong; and there are many members representing the six classes '66 to '72, which were contemporaries of ours at college. Graduates of later date appear also to be aware of my identity with the author of “Four Years at Yale” (though quite ignorant of me as “Karl Kron”); and so the general atmosphere of my environment seems friendly and familiar.

On the theory that “solitude is a sort of posterity,” in that it enables a man to look at his career with something of the same dispassion that will govern anyone who may be curious to study it after he is dead, I have presumed to prepare this unconscionably long contribution to the class statistics. If I ask for it the indulgence usually accorded “an obituary record,” I do so because it covers a sort of culminating period, marking the end of my life as an active worker: and because, after giving in the four previous editions of the class record a more detailed biography than any other member cared to give, there seems a sort of appropriateness in rounding out the story on the same scale. I can fairly assume that a minority of the class—at least the 32 who bought my book—may be amused by the tale; and I hope a few may sympathize with the spirit which prompted its production. The others can exercise the blessed privilege of skipping. Were it not for the fact that I set an exceptional value upon the good opinion of the men whose association with me, whether friendly or hostile, gave so agreeable a color to the life of long ago, I should not have paid them the compliment of thus attempting to depict “what shadows we all are and what shadows we all pursue,” by this story of my later experiences. It seems very improbable that I can have any future ones worth a similarly exhaustive discussion. The story of my book, as epitomized on p. 730, is that of a writer who “has got to the end and doesn't care.”

According to the *Herald*, of Boston, “it is the work of an idiot, not of a sane man; and must take the prize for absolute stupidity, as being one of the most worthless volumes ever written.” According to the *Saturday Review*, of London, it is, for its chosen *clientèle*, “invaluable and almost indispensable,—[the monument of] a genial and kindly philosopher, who makes no false or undue pretensions of any kind; a Yankee of the

Yankees, as honest as he is shrewd." I quote these opposite verdicts for the sake of reminding the class that I have not presumed to proclaim any verdict of my own as to the literary quality of the work, either here or elsewhere. All my words about it and myself are, as Bardeen's letter says, "statistical and not critical,"—designed chiefly to express the fact of its magnitude, and thus to explain my feeling of relief in having "finished the show and rung down the curtain."

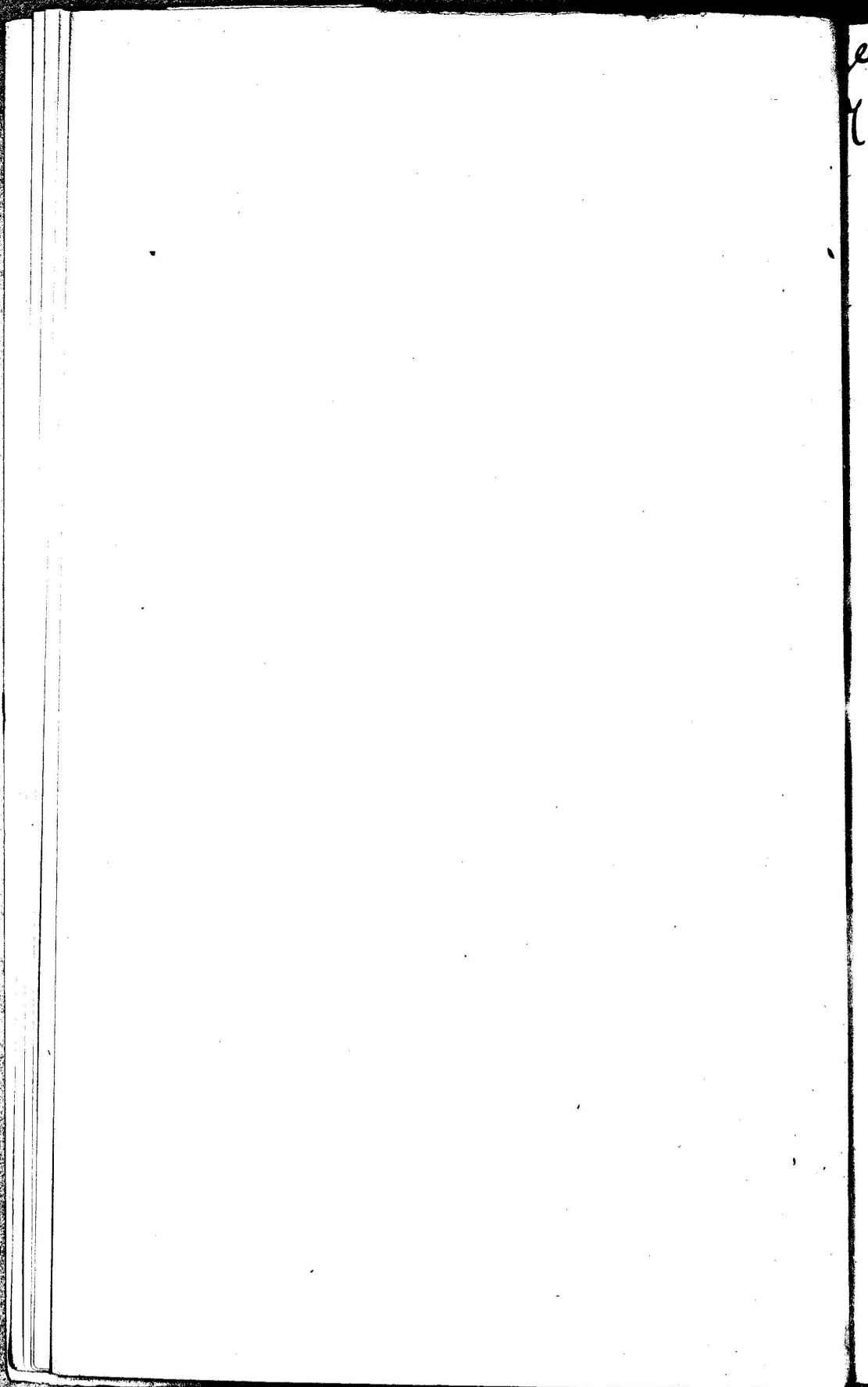
I account it a sort of sarcasm of destiny that, in spite of the wish to confine my achievements to small things, this "great affair" somehow got saddled on my shoulders; and I am reasonably certain that my thankfulness at escaping from it uncrushed will be lasting enough to guard me against ever again assuming a similar burden. The experience has shown the error of supposing that an unambitious nature would assure my steering placidly through life as "a looker-on, with critic eye, exempt from action's crucial test;" but having been in spite of myself put to this test and survived it, there is little chance that my wonted placidity will suffer any second interruption.

In retrospect, as a philosophic humorist, I am bound to confess a sort of grim gratification at having fairly had my fling at Madame Fortune, even though the fickle jade readily parried the stroke, into which was concentrated every atom of force I was possessed of, and then on the return round everlastingly knocked me out. Of course, it is plain enough that I made a financial mistake in not profitably palming off a cheap book on my 3600 'copartners,' instead of supposing that the gift of a very expensive one would stimulate their enthusiasm to the pitch of forcing a quick sale of 30,000 copies, for the greater glory of bicycling.

Intellectually, however, there is the compensation of having done my best,—of having offered my most characteristic contribution to "the gayety of nations,"—of having paid the world in full for the fun granted me by living in it. Hence, though disappointed, I am troubled with no regrets. In the phrase of Lowell, "not failure but low aim is crime." There is a simple satisfaction in saying: "The past at least is secure."

As for the future, so long as the Bicycle and the Building shall continue to console me, my classmates can imagine this refrain, from *Punch's* "Betsy Waring," as chanted softly, from week to week, before my bull-dog's portrait, amid the solemn stillness which covers the wooded wilds and castled fastnesses of Washington Square:

"I've often heard rumors of wars and contumors,
Sea-sarpints, and comics as lights up the sky;
Steam-hingins a-bustin, and banks as folks trust in,
But they don't never fret a old wheelman like I."



ented to the Library of Congress,
by Hyman H. Bagge, 22 June 1908.

[Reprinted from the "Biographical Records of the Yale Class of 1869," Vol. VI., pp. 24-32.]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

1846-1895

FORMING A SUPPLEMENT TO THE "OBITUARY
NOTICE OF A YALE GRADUATE OF '69
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN 1890."

"Every man at birth is the epitome of his progenitors. He starts out with the elements of his character drawn from the widest sources, but so mixed in him that he differs necessarily from every other individual of his race."

—EDWIN REED.

Printed for private distribution by KARL KRON, Publisher, at 107 Waverly Place,
Washington Square, New York City,
Nov. 1895—400 copies.

BAGG ANCESTRY.

The earliest owner of the name in America, of whom any record has been found, was JOHN BAGG; earliest known record about him is that of his marriage, 24 Dec. 1657, at Springfield, Mass., to HANNAH who was born there 28 April, 1641, and who died 1 Aug., 1680, after bearing him ten children. He died 5 Sept. presumably between 45 and 50 years old; for in 1660 he conveyed lands in the "second division" (that is, west bank of the river) to Hugh Dudley, of Chicopee Plains; in 1668 his name was signed fourth to a petition against imposts; and on 1 Jan. 1678 he was one of the citizens to whom Maj. John Pyncheon administered the oath of allegiance. In the distribution of West Springfield land, in ten-acre lots, among the 73 male residents who were then 21 years old, 7 April 1707, his sons, John and Jonathan, drew "lots Nos. 9 and 13 in Chickebey Field, Dorbeys Brook"; and thirteen years later their sons, John and Jonathan, who were of the 44 young men then attained their majority in the interval, drew lots near their fathers in the same field. Much of this land is still owned in 1895, by descendants named Bagg; and all those mentioned in the following pedigree were farmers who lived in West Springfield.

(6) JOHN BAGG and his wife HANNAH BURT, above described, had five sons and five daughters (1658-1680), whereof two sons died early and the other three lived to old age and became the fathers of 30 children. Their son and fourth child was

(5) JOHN BAGG (b. 26 March, 1665, d. Nov. 1740), who m. (30 March, 1689) MERCY THOMAS (b. 15 May, 1671), dau. of Rowland Thomas (d. 21 Feb. 1698 and Sarah Chapin (d. 5 Aug. 1684), who were m. 14 April, 1667, was a dau. of Deacon Samuel Chapin, the emigrant (d. 11 Nov. 1765), to whom a statue was erected at Springfield, 1887. John had six daughters and four sons (1690-1713), the third son and ninth child being

(4) THOMAS BAGG (b. 22 Feb. 1710, d. 11 April, 1776), who m. (29 July, 1748) MARGARET ROOT (b. 1716, d. 4 Oct. 1775) dau. of Joshua Root (b. 23 Nov. 1682, d. 28 Sept. 1730), one of the original proprietors of what is now Great Barrington and Sheffield. They had five sons and one daughter (1749-1761), the youngest being

(3) EZEKIEL BAGG (b. 24 Jan. 1761, d. 1 Jan. 1837), who m. (4 Jan. 1787) HULDAH COOLEY (b. 24 May, 1758, d. 17 July, 1833), dau. of Roger Cooley (b. 21 Sept. 1719, d. 6 June, 1802) and Mary Stebbins, who were m. Aug. 1748. R. C. served as lieutenant in Col. John Moseley's regiment, at White Plains, in 1776, and his son was a soldier on duty at the execution of Major Andre in 1780, and afterwards became colonel in the Massachusetts militia. Ezekiel had three sons and three daughters (1788-1802), the second son being

(2) RICHARD BAGG (b. 22 Nov. 1789, d. 4 Jan. 1860), who m. (3 Jan. 1803) FLAVIA ROGERS (b. 15 Jan. 1783, d. 15 Feb. 1870), dau. of Ransford Rogers and Belinda Flower (b. at Agawam 9 July, d. 1 June, 1844); and had three daughters and one son (1810-1822), the son and second child being

(1) RICHARD BAGG (b. 20 March, 1812, d. 29 Oct. 1852), who m. (3 Jan. 1838) NANCY BLISS (b. 12 May, 1814, d. 21 Dec. 1838), dau. of Elijah Bliss and Lucy Vanhorn, and had one daughter. He m. again (3 Jan. 1841, at Haven), SUSAN ATWATER (b. 14 July, 1817, d. 27 Dec. 1893), dau. of Lyman Atwater (b. 3 March, 1783, d. March, 1862) and Clarissa Hotchkiss (b. 18 Dec. 1786, d. 17 Sept. 1846), and had two sons, the second being

LYMAN HOTCHKISS BAGG (b. 24 Dec. 1846), residing at Washington Square, New York, unmarried, Sept. 1876 to Nov. 1895.

Following are the records of the three daughters of RICHARD BAGG (1789-1860), my aunts: I. HANNAH MARIA (b. 8 Jan. 1810, d. 26 April, 1872), m. 31 Aug. 1831, HENRY PARSONS (b. 25 Sept. 1808, d. 30 Oct. 1871), son of Jonathan Parsons and Grata Leonard, lived near Battle Creek, Mich., and had eight children: i. Harriet Maria, b. 1834, m. Jan. 1, 1857, Varnum Fanner Hull (b. 29 March, 1831), son of Oliver Sculthorpe Hull, and Mary Griffith, and had four children: Ida Ellen, b. 20 May, 1859, d. 25 May, 1859; Henry Parsons, b. 31 July, 1860, d. Nov. 1891; Mary Ellen, b. 30 April, 1865, d. 22 July, 1871; James Merrick, b. 30 Dec. 1867, d. 22 July, 1871; living in Chicago in Dec. 1895: ii. James Merrick, b. 27 Dec. 1835, d. 16 Jan. 1863, in army hospital at Falmouth, Va.; iii. Ellen Cornelia, b. 14 Dec. 1837, m. 1 March 1870, Charles Higgins (b. 31 May, 1835); iv. Wm. Henry, b. 9 July, d. 22 Dec. 1861, in army hospital at Tipton, Mo.; v. Mary Frances, b. 24 Feb. 1843, d. 11 Dec. 1867; vi. Richard B. b. 18 June, 1846, m. 30 June, 1868, Amanda Lydia Pierce (b. 20 May, 1847), dau. of Nathan Pierce (b. 14 Feb. 1803, d. 23 Sept. 1866) and Amanda L. Tower (b. 1 July, 1820, living in Dec. 1895), who were m. 5 Nov. 1837, and had a daughter, Amanda Harriet, b. 22 June, 1888; living in 1895 at Fort Scott, Kan.; vii. Clara Matha b. 30 Aug. 1850; viii. Clarence Marvin, b. 30 Aug. 1850, d. 21 Oct. 1850.

II. MARY (b. 27 June, 1817, d. 20 July, 1877), m. 17 Jan. 1837, EDWARD JOSEPH BULL (b. 14 June 1810, d. 9 Jan. 1875), son of Joseph Bull and Elizabeth Ashley, and had four children: i. Wm. Henry, b. 25 Dec. 1838, d. 10 Jan. 1860, m. 10 Nov. 1869, Mary Augusta Bates (b. 19 Feb. 1844), dau. of Ezekiel Bates and Jerusha Burt, who were m. 10 June, 1841, and had three children: Wm. Melvill, b. and d. 19 Sept. 1870; Susan Emma, b. 30 Nov. 1873; Clara Ranny, b. 20 Oct. 1876; ii. Emma Jane, b. 17 April, 1842, d. 14 June, 1874, m. 7 Jan. 1862, James Henry Pierce (b. 10 Nov. 1870), and had two children, who are living in 1895, married: [Grace Pierce, b. 20 June, 1863, m. Oct. 1887, Eugene Bertine, b. 24 March, 1864, and had five children: Wm. Andrew, b. 11 Oct. 1885; Walter Edward, b. 18 Jan. 1887; Annie Pauline, b. 10 May, 1890; Alfred James, b. 20 June, 1893, d. 27 Nov. 1893; Ethel May, b. 6 May, 1894, m. Walter Henry Pierce, b. 30 May, 1870, m. 3 Sept. 1895, May Agnes Alderman (b. 12 Aug. 1871), dau. of Wm. P. Alderman and Anna Elizabeth Hapgood]; iii. Edward Ashley, b. 31 March, 1848, d. 20 Nov. 1856; iv. Mary Anna Burt, b. 27 April, 1858, m. 30 Nov. 1886, Henry H. Libby (b. 7 May, 1852, at Gardiner, Me.), and had a son, Roy Harmon, b. 27 April, 1888, at Lodge Pole, Neb.

III. FLAVIA JANE (b. 12 Oct. 1822, d. 10 Dec. 1876), m. 24 July, 1851, HENRY AMOS MARSH (b. 11 June, 1818, d. 18 June, 1872), son of Asa Marsh and Sophia Bingham, and had two sons: i. Charles Henry, b. 14 Aug. 1852, at Nyack, Jan. 1882, Anna Davison, and had a daughter b. 18 Oct. 1882, d. 1884, at Santa Fé, N. M.; ii. Roy Atwater, b. 15 Feb. 1855, living at San Diego, Cal., in 1895, unmarried.

Cit
Author
(Person)

The name is usually spelled "Bagge" in England, and it has flourished there (Norfolkshire and Plymouth) since Robert Le Bagge, of Caen, in Normandy, came in with the Conqueror in 1066. According to Halliwell's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, "bagge," in Old English, signified a badge. "Bage" was another old form for badge; and it is a surname. Of similar significance is the French surname, La Marque. The original application might readily have been made to a person distinguished by coat-armor or other badge. Jamieson's Scotch Dictionary says that "bagge," in Swedish Gothic, means a little boy, a cognate term being the German "balg," meaning an urchin. This is at the origin of the name of the Swedish admiral, James Bagge (b. 1499, d. before 1571), whose repute probably gave rise to the tradition, recorded in the books of Walford, Tower and Debrett, that the Norfolkshire Bagges "are of Swedish extraction, their ancestors coming over in the time of Hardicanute."

LYMAN HOTCHKISS BAGG was born at West Springfield, Mass., December 24, 1846, the younger son of Richard Bagg, Jr., and Susan Atwater, who were married at New Haven, January 3, 1841.

Attended the district school, a half mile from his home, until 1860 (except one or two terms at a "select school," two miles beyond, in 1859); the Springfield English and Classical Institute, May 23, 1860 to July 22, 1862; Williston Seminary at Easthampton, August 27, 1862 to June 28, 1865 (being the only one of the 15 graduates who went through the entire three years' course); was admitted to Yale at the July examination; lived at home for the year after graduation, writing his cyclopædia of college life; at New Haven, from September 8, 1870, to July 8, 1871, seeing his book through the press of Chatfield & Co., and in the employ of that firm, as editor of their weekly *College Courant*; sailed October 7, 1871, for travel and study in Europe, and landed again in America July 1, 1872; lived at 80 University place, New York City, for the six months ending October 21, 1873, and was employed during that period as assistant news-editor of the *Evening Post*; for the two following years, made his headquarters at home, devoting considerable time to genealogical researches; sailed from New York, November 20, 1875, and landed there again May 1, 1876,—having resided for most of the intermediate time in London, at 33 St. James's Place, S. W.; during the next four months, made visits to the Cincinnati convention and the Philadelphia centennial, and packed up his belongings for removal from West Springfield to Washington Square, New York City; took possession of the University Building, on the east side of that square, Friday, September 1, 1876, with the avowed intention of staying there until noon of Friday, September 1, 1916; but was violently thrown out, by reason of the destruction of the Building, on May 21, 1894, at 7.10 P. M.; since then, has occupied a flat at 107 Waverly Place, just off

from the north-west corner of the square, and may perhaps renew the lease which expires April 30, 1896.

During the first six of these nineteen continuous years at the metropolis, or until the middle of October, 1882, he was in the employ of the *World*, printing a weekly "College Chronicle" of two or three columns in the Monday issue of that paper, the last one being "No. 303" dated September 18, 1882; for the five calendar years, 1884-88, he was absorbed in compiling his cyclopædia of cycling, in scouring the world for the 3600 advance subscribers to it at a dollar each, in printing, publishing and selling the book, and in contemplating the loss of \$10,000 on the general result; since March 20, 1889, he has served as librarian of the University Club.

The list of his literary work is as follows: Edited and published the *Williston Index*, a four-paged sheet (Easthampton, March 1, 1864); "An Index to the first thirty-three volumes of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, February, 1836, to July, 1868" (8vo, pp. 36, New Haven, 1868); "Yale and Harvard Boat-racing" (8vo, pp. 46, New Haven, 1871); wrote 160 pages of the 488 pages contained in Vol. 34 of the *Lit.*, including the whole of Nos. 296 and 300 (November, 1868, and April, 1869); wrote but did not print the "Class History of the First Division" (July, 1866, and July, 1869); wrote "Letters of Mark: a college tragedy in three acts," privately printed by the Cochleureati for use in rehearsals for Wooden Spoon exhibition (12mo, pp. 18, Cincinnati, 1868); wrote Class Poem for Presentation Day, 403 lines, printed with Beers's Class Oration (8vo, pp. 32, New Haven, June 30, 1869); wrote "History of Yale Boating,—Local and Intercollegiate," printed in W. L. Kingsley's quarto history of Yale, Vol. 2, pp. 274-364, and "History of the Bully Club," in the same, pp. 460-478 (N. Y.: H. Holt & Co., 1879); compiled "Bagg Genealogy," printed on pp. 109-114 of West Springfield Centennial Book (1874), and on pp. 641-649 of Loomis Genealogy, Female Branches (1880); compiled "Constitution of Yale Navy" (16mo, pp. 12, New Haven, 1873) and "Constitution of Yale Boat Club" (24mo, pp. 12, New Haven, 1875); compiled *Boat Race Bulletin*, whereof two or three numbers were issued at New London each June of the six years, 1878 to 1883, while he was manager of the Harvard-Yale race; compiled "Directory of New York Yale Men" (24mo, pp. 54, published by Yale Alumni Association, November 15, 1879); compiled *Library Bulletin of University Club*, Nos. 1, 2, 3, August 15, 1893, March 15, 1894, March 15, 1895 (8vo, pp. 48); reprinted from the *Nation* of October 9, 1884, "Cant, Chastity and Charity in Politics," a double-page leaflet, whereof the Independent committees circulated 16,000 as a campaign document; wrote "Roach's Centennial Bonanza, or, The Last of King George's Stamps," at London in 1876, and the manuscript was accepted for publication in a "series of short stories by the best

authors," but was afterwards lost by an expressman; published "Curl, the Best of Bull Dogs: a Study in Animal Life" (12mo, pp. 28; 14,000 words; N. Y., 1888) and "Castle Solitude in the Metropolis: a Study in Social Science" (12mo, pp. 56; 34,000 words; N. Y., 1888), as reprints of the 28th and 29th chapters of his cycling book; and "Obituary Notice of 'A Yale Graduate of '69,' Written by Himself" (8vo, pp. 11; 5,400 words; N. Y., 1890), as a reprint of pp. 13-22 in the vigintennial record of the class.

His two principal books are "Four Years at Yale, by a Graduate of '69" (12mo, pp. 728; 220,000 words: \$2.50; New Haven, Chatfield & Co., 1871; 1600 copies; and second edition, 100 copies, N. Y., Holt & Co., 1881), and "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle, by Karl Kron" (12mo, pp. 908; 675,000 words; \$2; N. Y., K. Kron, 1887, 6200 copies); and the histories of these two works have been detailed at length in previous class records: triennial, pp. 51-52; quinquennial, pp. 21-22; vigintennial, pp. 13-22. "Newspaper Notices and Subscribers' Opinions" of the cycling book, a pamphlet of 150 pages, was issued in July, 1888,—about two-thirds being new matter and the rest of it specimens of the volume itself.

Bagg's response to the Secretary's request for an account of his recent history is dated July 13, 1895, and reads as follows: "Since the production of my 'obituary notice' for the class book of five years ago, I have led an appropriately placid, post-mortem sort of existence, whose complete record may be presented thus: '1890, sixty-three rides, 2141 miles; 1891, one hundred and two rides, 3600 miles; 1892, forty-eight rides, 1524 miles; 1893, sixty-six rides, 2100 miles; 1894, seventy-four rides, 2443 miles; 1895 (first half), thirteen rides, 440 miles; making a total of 366 rides and 12,248 miles.' Supplementary to this, I have amused myself by superintending the library of the University Club, on Madison Square; and midnight is almost always behind me when I turn my footsteps thence homewards for Washington Square, to seek sweet sleep and deep oblivion. Under my manipulation of six years and four months, assisted somewhat by the expenditure of about \$10,000, the number of volumes in the library has increased from 6530 to 12,355. The club has 2100 members, a quarter of whom are Yale men; and, as I seem to have given offense to none of them, I presume I may be permitted to potter around as their book-agent for an indefinite time to come.

"As '45' marks the limit of decrepitude beyond which the citizen cannot be drafted into the army,—to shoot at,

or be shot at by, his fellow man,—I celebrated the beginning and end of my 45th year by long day's rides upon the bicycle: December 24, 1890, 3.20 A. M. to 12 P. M., 100 miles; and December 28, 1891, 4.20 A. M. to 11.10 P. M., 100 miles. On the first of these occasions, my first stretch of $35\frac{1}{4}$ miles (3.20 to 8.07 A. M., beginning and ending at Washington Square, with less than 10 miles of repetitions) was the longest stay I ever made in the saddle without a stop; and, considering that I rode in darkness, without a lantern, for an hour between the setting of the moon and daybreak, contending against a gale of wind and several snow-squalls, this was probably the most notable exploit of all my wheeling experience. My second stretch was to Tarrytown and back, 10.24 A. M. to 7.25 P. M., $56\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with rests of 1 hour and 40 minutes,—the return ride of 28 miles starting at 3.40 and finishing without a stop. My third stretch began at 10.40 P. M., with a lantern; and, though the 100 miles were covered on the stroke of midnight, I kept agoing till 1.40 A. M., and made a total record of $110\frac{3}{4}$ miles,—the longest in my experience. The hundred-mile ride of December 28, 1891 (delayed by bad weather from the appointed 24th, when I became 45 years old), differed from the previous one in having a route with less than a mile of repetition. First stretch was from Washington Square to Westchester and back, 4.20 to 9.15 A. M., $36\frac{1}{4}$ miles; second stretch, zig-zag through New Jersey, 11.35 A. M. to 6.25 P. M., $43\frac{1}{4}$ miles, ending at Skipper Clarke's house in Bloomfield; final stretch, to Elizabeth, with a lantern which burned dim and died, 7.40 to 11.10 P. M., $20\frac{3}{4}$ miles; total time, 18 hours and 50 minutes, whereof the resting spells amounted to 5 hours and 9 minutes. This was my 99th ride of 1891; and, on the following day, at about the middle point of a 29-mile ride, I completed my "second 10,000" mileage record.

"I have also taken three long midsummer rides, without lantern, and without repetition of road: July 11, 1891, to Tarrytown, Nyack, Englewood, Bloomfield and Elizabeth, $101\frac{1}{3}$ miles, 3.30 A. M. to 9.30 P. M.; June 28, 1893, to Washington Bridge, Hoboken, Elizabeth and the Oranges,

4 A. M. to 8.50 P. M., 90½ miles; June 21, 1894, to Fort Lee, Tenafly, Hackensack, Passaic, Bloomfield, Paterson and Elizabeth, 3.40 A. M. to 9 P. M., 100 miles lacking 20 rods. In this last long ride, the elapsed time, 17 hours 20 minutes, included rests of 4 hours 7 minutes, so that the time in the saddle was 13 hours 13 minutes,—making this my speediest long ride both in riding time and in actual time. It was the most enjoyable one of the series also,—for the weather was perfect, the course was so chosen as to require but a few rods of walking, and I had arranged for a bath and fresh suit of clothes at five halting places, where my rests amounted to 3 hours 17 minutes,—the other 50 minutes being distributed between a dozen brief stops.

“None of these long rides ever left me at all exhausted, or with any stiffness or soreness which a single night’s repose did not cure; and I never had a fall or mishap in any of them. In October, 1891, I made a 16 days’ tour of 673 miles, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut,—spending the night of the 11th with Clarke, in Bloomfield, the night of the 16th with Herrick, in Poughkeepsie, the morning of the 19th with Stevenson, in Pittsfield, and ending on the 26th, at the house of Beers, in West Haven, after a 72-mile ride. When I wheeled thence to Washington Square, on the 2d and 4th November, I completed a circuit of 756½ miles for the 18 days. In September, 1894, I made another trip through the same seven States, and along many of the same roads;—starting down the Delaware, at Port Jervis, on the 9th, then turning back and following the canal path to the Hudson at Kingston; then climbing the Catskills; then resting on the 16th with Beers at his abandoned farm in Southfield; then going up one side of the Connecticut to Brattleboro and down the other side to Hartford, and so to Stamford, on the 25th, a trail of 538 miles, for the 15 days. Only two of my trails have been longer than these: the 40 days’ straightaway, from Michigan to Virginia, 1422 miles, in 1883; and the 20 days’ circuit, to Virginia and back, 765 miles, in 1884.

"My ride which ranks fifth in length was from New York to Brattleboro and back to Hartford, 416 miles, during the ten days ending November 28, 1892. On the seventh, eighth and ninth days I covered 167 miles, and on the tenth rode without dismount 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, from West Springfield to Hartford (8.37 A. M. to 12.17 P. M.), on a ragged tire which then completed nine years' service, and a continuous trail of 11,570 miles. This was probably the longest such trail ever marked by a single bicycle tire. The tires, spokes and other worn parts were replaced by new ones before I resumed riding; and the good old cyclometer, which had faithfully registered my miles since '79, was spoiled then in the repair-shop. The final spin of that November tour was the longest straightaway stay I ever made in the saddle; and I then conquered the Windsor hill, near the finish, which had stopped me on all previous trials. The tour was also notable as my most extended one taken on frozen ground, and as exceptionally favored by eight days of winter sunshine,—though a heavy storm of snow and rain began an hour after I finished it, and the day before I started was a rainy one.

"When people ask me why I still stick to the same old style of bicycle that I conquered in 1879, while all the rest of the world has deserted it in favor of the low-down 'safety' type, whose inflated tires may be made to spin at 'double the speed, by an equal amount of effort,' my sufficient answer is: 'I continue astride of a 46-inch wheel because I was born that year.' I have driven my present machine 16,612 miles; and it was never carried on car or boat, except at river crossings, from the time I mounted it at the factory, April 24, 1884, until September 3, 1894, when a breakage forced me to take train with it for 50 miles to the repair shop. It then had a trail of 15,352 miles, which was probably a longer one than any other bicycle ever marked continuously upon the earth's surface. The 10,082 miles traversed by my first machine, 1879-'84, were on many trails,—some of them widely separated. My total bicycling mileage is represented by the numerals 26,694.

"My cruise to the Thimble Islands, with Clarke and Beers, in July of 1887, was recorded on page 16 of previous record as the last feeble gasp of yachting enthusiasm among the old '69 crowd of sailormen; and later history has not yet given the lie to my prediction,—though Beers and I were separately shoved about among the Thimbles in the Skipper's naphtha launch, last summer. My aquatic yearnings were gratified then, also, by a cruise to Norfolk and Richmond; in '93, I steamed through the lakes, from Buffalo to Chicago; and in '90 I took a week's coast-wise excursion to New Brunswick; my companion on these three voyages being an Easthampton classmate, Streeter, with whom I have maintained an unbroken intimacy for 33 years.

"This allusion tempts me into a little reminiscence of old times. It was as an Easthampton boy that I wrote my first newspaper article, 'Timbromanie, by P. S.,' which covered about a column in the *Springfield Republican*, of June 22, 1864. It was as a Freshman that I printed my next two, entitled 'Philately,' in the *Round Table*, of June 30 and September 1, 1866, and received my first money for 'literary work.' The third journal which gave me recognition was the *Yale Lit.*, of December, 1867, whose pages 86-93 contained the 320 lines of 'Bull Doggerel,' which I had spoken at the Thanksgiving Jubilee. Except the class poem, this remains to the present day the only extended metrical composition ever printed by me, though I ground out a lot of such stuff for the private amusement of Delta Kap and Psi U. During 1865, '66 and '67, I had a series of letters in the *Stamp Collector's Magazine* (English); and there in 1870 I exploited my discovery of the Brattleboro postage stamps of 1847, which have since been sold for such fabulous prices. 'My Last Bonfire,' in *Oliver Optic's Magazine* of August 28, 1869 (Boston), gave a fairly true picture of incidents in my early boyhood; and the sight of my signature attached to certain 'Pastimes' contributed to the *Boys' and Girls' Own Magazine* of August and September, 1861 (N. Y.), recalls the childish rapture I felt at first 'getting my name in print.' In all the years

since then, however, I have used every endeavor to prevent its being publicly printed; and only twice have I been angry enough (1872 and 1884) to write newspaper letters of such character as to demand the attachment of my signature. The *Lit.* editors of '68 printed my name in connection with the Jubilee rhymes before mentioned, and the editor of the *Genealogical Register* (Boston) printed it as authority for some transcripts of town and church records of West Springfield which I supplied to him in 1874; but these four specified cases comprise the sum total of its appearances. My portrait has never been published.

"The latest affront of fortune is the irruption of the trolley Juggernaut, announced for this very day, through the quiet street where stands the house in which I was born, and in which my mother still lives, at the age of 78; but this latest affront is as nothing compared to the calamitous triumph of 'mickrackinism' which resulted in the obliteration of the University Building on Washington Square,—the queerest and most admirable habitation whose presence ever graced this planet. It was not the possibility of leading a solitary life there which made it unique, but rather the possibility of leading a life so hidden that no outsider need discover whether it was solitary or social. The most secluded set of chambers in this most secret of all buildings was numbered 56; and 'No. 56' was the only one which from first to last had known but a single master,—had been controlled by one man alone. That man was myself; and, as I crawled sorrowfully out of the doomed structure into the drizzly evening twilight of May 21, 1894, when my fellow tenants had all deserted the sacred place, and the mob of destroyers were in full possession, my thoughts were too deep for words. My indignation, rage and grief kept me quiet, though their proper expression would have filled a bulkier book than I ever wrote. The infamy was accomplished. The incredible thing had happened. The end had come!

'While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;

'When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;

'And when Rome falls, the world!'"

Following are the records of the daughter and elder son of RICHARD BAGG, JR. (1812-1852), my sister and brother: I. NANCY ELIZABETH (b. 15 Nov. 1838, d. 30 July, 1893), m. 5 Nov. 1861, FRANCIS HENRY FULLER (b. 5 Nov. 1837), only child of Henry Fuller, Jr., and Lucy Work, and had two children: i. Grace Elizabeth, b. 13 July, 1866, d. 7 June, 1892; ii. Winthrop Francis, b. 25 May, 1873, d. 12 May, 1874. He m. as second wife, 7 June, 1894, Ida Kenyon Herrick, divorced wife of Charles White. II. RICHARD ATWATER (b. 29 Nov. 1843, d. 10 Feb. 1880), m. 17 Oct. 1866, MARTINA SANCHEZ DORINGH (b. 12 Sept. 1848, in Cuba), dau. of Martin Sanchez and his wife Josephine—, adopted dau. of C. H. R. Doringh, of Bristol, R. I., and had four daughters: i. Susan Sanchez, b. 17 July, 1867, m. 14 June, 1892, Willard Francis Tripp (b. 8 March, 1867), son of Ephraim Augustus Tripp and Harriet Frances Armstrong (m. 17 June, 1855), and had one son, Richard Bagg, b. 19 Oct. 1894; ii. Martina Doringh, b. 8 Jan. 1869; iii. Louise Atwater, b. 2 March, 1874; iv. Lena Grace, b. 10 Feb. 1879.

ATWATER ANCESTRY.

The following facts are derived in part from Rev. Edward E. Atwater's "Genealogical register of the descendants in the male line of David Atwater, one of the original planters of New Haven, Conn., to the sixth generation" (an octavo pamphlet of 64 pages, printed in 1873 at New Haven); in part from manuscripts, copied in 1890 by Robert Atwater Smith, which manuscripts embodied the results of investigations made in England by my cousin Robert H. Atwater; and in part from original researches by myself.

(2) LYMAN ATWATER, my grandfather, who was usually called Major because of an office held for some time in the militia of Connecticut, was born 3 March, 1783, at New Haven; married 10 Jan. 1808; and died, 20 March, 1862, at Bennington, Vt., aged 79 years and 17 days. His wife, CLARISSA HOTCHKISS (daughter of J. Punderson Hotchkiss and Rhoda Woodin), was born 18 Dec. 1786, and died 17 Sept. 1846, aged 59 years, 8 months and 30 days. They had seven children, of whom the fifth was my mother, SUSAN ATWATER (b. 14 July, 1817, d. 27 Dec. 1895). My grandfather's second wife was Emeline Sophia Lyman (b. 25 April, 1804, m. 1 April, 1847, d. 10 Sept. 1872), dau. of David Lyman and Sophia Park, of Woodstock, Vt., who were m. 1 May, 1803.

(3) LYMAN was the third child and first son of MEDAD ATWATER (b. 23 March 1751, m. 9 Sept. 1778, d. 14 Feb. 1832) and RHODA DICKERMAN (b. 24 Nov. 1748, d. 19 May, 1806), daughter of Samuel Dickerman and Mary Allen. His age was 81y. 10m. 22d.; hers was 57y. 5m. 25d. They had five children. (His twin brother, Eldad d. 9 Sept. 1793, aged 42y. 6m. 2d.)

MEDAD was the second child and first son (a twin) of DAVID ATWATER (b. 15 Sept. 1723, m. 25 Nov. 1746, d. 4 March 1806) and ELIZABETH BASSETT (b. 9 Nov. 1746, d. 2 Jan. 1783), daughter of John Bassett and Elizabeth Thompson. They had 12 children. His age was 82y. 5m. 17d.; hers was 56y. 1m. 14d.

(5) DAVID was the first child of JOSHUA ATWATER (b. 29 Jan. 1687, m. 22 Nov. 1721, d. 29 Jan. 1773) and ANNA BRADLEY (b. 10 Jan. 1701), daughter of Joseph Bradley (b. 15 Feb. 1678). They had two children. He died on the 86th anniversary of his birth.

(6) JOSHUA was the third and last child and the first son of DAVID ATWATER (b. 13 July 1650, d. 10 Jan. 1687, aged 85y. 5m. 28d.) and his wife, whose name is not printed in the register.

(7) DAVID was the third child and first son of DAVID ATWATER (baptized 8 Oct. 1615, d. 5 Oct. 1692; aged 76) and DAMARIS SAYRE, daughter of Thomas Sayre, of Southampton, Long Island. They had ten children,—the first Atwaters born in America. This earliest D. A. "was one of the first planters of New Haven: and in the first division of lands among the settlers a farm was assigned him in 'the Neck,' as the tract between Mill and Quinnipiac rivers were called, upon which it is believed he lived till his death." The eldest son in each of the five generations descending from him (as catalogued in the foregoing record) seems also to have lived and died upon some part of this original tract,—or upon land closely adjoining, like Cedar Hill,—until my grandfather removed from the latter estate, about 1844, to Bennington, Vt.

(8) DAVID, the emigrant, was the third and last child and the second son of JOHN ATWATER (baptized 5 March 1569-70, died 1636-7, at Lenham, aged 67), of Lenham, England, and was baptized there 8 Oct. 1615. His sister Anne was christened there 23 May 1606-7, and probably died in the New Haven or Massachusetts colony. His brother Joshua was baptized 12 June 1612; married 6 May 1651, and died in May 1678. His wife was Mary Blackman, dau. of Rev. Adam Blackman, of Stratford, by whom he had 3 children.

(9) JOHN was the fifth child and fourth son of CHRISTOPHER ATWATER (died at Royton, Eng. in 1573); and it is believed that none of his three brothers, David (d. 1620), Mather and George (d. 1622), left any children who outlived them. The sister, Joan, married Stephen Cook, and had three children who lived to be over 21. C. A.'s will was dated 24 Feb. 1572-3, and was proved on 6 April following. He mentions his wife Marion, his five children, his brothers Thomas and William, and his nephew Adam Water.

(10) CHRISTOPHER was the second child and son of THOMAS ATWATER, whose will (dated 28 Nov. 1547 and proved 1 Dec. 1547) mentions his wife Johan and five children.

(11) THOMAS (who died 29 or 30 Nov. 1547) was the second child and son of ROBERT ATWATER, whose will (dated 19 Nov. 1522, proved 22 Dec. 1522) bequeathes his property to his sons, John and Thomas,—the elder of whom probably died without issue.

(12) ROBERT (who died Nov. or Dec. 1522) was the second child and son of JOHN ATWATER, whose will (proved 14 July, 1501) bequeathes his property to his wife Maryon, and his four children, John, Robert, Florence and Thomas Jr.

(13) JOHN (who died in 1501) was the second son and child of "THOMAS ATWATER, of Royton, in Lenham, Kent, England, the earliest ancestor whose name has come down to us. His will (dated 5 Oct. 1484) is on record at Canterbury. In it he mentions his wife, and Robert Atwater, jr., and John Atwater."

Following are the records of the seven children of my grandfather, LYMAN ATWATER (1783-1851).

I. CHARLES HENRY (b. 29 Sept. 1808, d. 5 Feb. 1851), m. 13 Nov. 1833, CAROLINE GORHAM (b. 1800, d. 1840), and had one son, i. Robert Henry, b. 12 Sept. 1834, m. 4 Jan. 1859, at Rondout, N. Y., Caroline Augusta Sykes (b. 23 March, 1839), only child of Lorenzo Augustus Sykes and Eliza Ann Wurts (m. 4 Jan. 1830), and had one daughter, Grace Elizabeth; residence in 1895: Washington, D. C. He died again, early in 1842, Elizabeth Ann Thompson (b. 28 Aug. 1805), widow of Andrew Babcock (m. 22 Dec. 1832), and had a daughter, ii. Catharine Clarissa (b. 22 April, 1843), both living at New Haven in Nov. 1895.

II. GRACE CAROLINE (b. 27 July, 1811, d. 27 April, 1812).

III. LYMAN HOTCHKISS (b. 23 Feb. 1813, d. 17 Feb. 1883), m. 7 Oct. 1835, SUSAN SANFORD (b. 17 Oct. 1813, d. 23 April, 1879), eldest child of Elihu Sanford and Susan Howell (who were m. 13 Jan. 1813), and had five children: i. Lyman Sanford, b. 24 May, 1838, d. 27 March, 1889, unmarried; ii. David Judson, b. 18 Feb. 1841, d. 6 Nov. 1891, m. Sept. 1874, Elizabeth Smith, of Bethlehem, N. Y., but had no children; iii. Edward Sanford, b. 8 Feb. 1843, m. 7 June, 1876, at Elizabeth, N. J., Gertrude Vanderpoel Oakley, b. 12 Aug. 1854, dau. of Dr. Lewis Williams Oakley (b. 22 Nov. 1828, d. 3 March, 1888), and Henrietta Baldwin (b. 13 Nov. 1830, d. 9 Aug. 1860), who were m. 14 Sept. 1853; and had two children: Henrietta Baldwin, b. 1 April, 1879; Edward Sanford, b. 30 April, 1882 (the only living male Atwater of the seventh generation descended from the emigrant, D. A., through the direct line of eldest sons named in this genealogy); iv. Susan Hotchkiss, b. 4 Aug. 1847, d. 14 March, 1887, unmarried; v. Addison, b. 30 Nov. 1851, m. 15 Nov. 1888, Amelia Haywood Wright, b. 4 April, 1858, eldest child of Thomas Fletcher Wright, of Philadelphia (b. 3 Feb. 1832), and Susan Jane Haywood, of Pottsville (b. 13 July, 1835), who were m. 23 April, 1857; and had one son, Lyman Hotchkiss, b. 30 March, 1890, whose life was very brief. The elder L. H. A. was salutatorian of Yale '31; tutor there with his classmate, Noah Porter, while studying in the divinity school, 1833-5; pastor of First Congregational church in Fairfield, 1835-54; then professor in Princeton college until his death in 1883. The class of the year raised a memorial fund in his honor, for the annual award of a L. H. A. prize in political science; and a collection of memorial addresses concerning him was published by request of the trustees (N. Y.: Random pp. 77). He was a constant contributor to the *Princeton Review* from 1840 to 1878, and its chief editor from 1869. He was made D.D. by Princeton in 1851, and LL.D. in 1873. His four sons graduated there in 1862 and 1872.

IV. GRACE CLARISSA (b. 4 April, 1814, living at New Haven in Nov. 1895), m. 26 Nov. 1838, as second wife, ELIAS BRADLEY BISHOP (b. 5 Aug. 1795, d. 18 June, 1866), son of Ichabod Bishop, and had six children: i. Henry White, b. 5 May, 1840, m. 22 Sept. 1868, Martha Fisher (b. 15 Oct. 1845, d. 21 Nov. 1887), and had two children: Wm. Fisher (b. 17 May, 1870, d. 14 March, 1889), May Finley (b. 3 Nov. 1872, residence in 1895: Jersey City); ii. Ellen Amanda, b. 30 Jan. 1843, d. 1 April, 1868, m. 21 Dec. 1864, Homer Heminway, of Waterbury; iii. Frederick Foote, b. 15 Nov. 1844, d. 22 Jan. 1896, m. 12 Nov. 1868, Ellen Jane Gorham (b. 9 Oct. 1850, d. 21 Sept. 1881), dau. of Jared Dorman Gorham (b. 19 March, 1808, d. 7 June, 1885, m. 8 Nov. 1883, Alice Minerva Bradley (b. 13 Aug. 1864), dau. of Oliver S. Bradley and Annie Tyler Dear and had two children, Lottie Genevieve, b. 2 March, 1880, and Oliver Frederick, b. 3 Oct. 1888; iv. Grace Clara, b. 31 Dec. 1846, m. 9 Jan. 1868, Edward Payson Merwin (b. 9 Sept. 1846), son of Andrew Smith Merwin and Amelia Painter Rich, and had two children: Edward Payson (b. 19 Sept. 1870), Grace Bishop (b. 2 Nov. 1872); residence in 1895: New York City; v. David Atwater, b. 12 July, 1849, m. 17 May, 1874, Emma Flanigan (b. June, 1849), and had one son, Edward Merwin (b. 3 Nov. 1881); residence in 1895: Jersey City; vi. Charlotte Marina, b. 6 Sept. 1851, m. 15 May, 1873, Frank Augustus Monson (b. 9 Dec. 1842), son of Dr. Alfred S. Monson (Yale '15) and Mary Ann Patten (m. 22 May, 1822, at Hartford), and had one daughter, Nellie Florence, b. 31 Aug. 1882.

V. SUSAN (b. 14 July, 1817, living in Nov. 1895 at West Springfield, in same house that she entered 55 years ago), m. 3 Jan. 1841, RICHARD BAGG (b. 20 March, 1812, d. 29 Oct. 1852), and had two sons: i. Richard Atwater, b. 29 Nov. 1843, d. 10 Feb. 1880, m. 17 Oct. 1866, Martina Sanchez Doringh (b. 12 Sept. 1848), and had four daughters, named on previous page; ii. Lyman Hotchkiss, b. 24 Dec. 1846, a graduate of Yale in 1869, and residing at Washington Square, New York City, from Sept. 1876, to the present time, Nov. 1895.

VI. CAROLINE (b. 20 June, 1819, d. 23 Feb. 1820).

VII. WYLLYS (b. 9 Dec. 1821), m. 3 July, 1855, HARRIET SANFORD (b. 2 Aug. 1828), fourth daughter and seventh child of Elihu Sanford and Susan Howell (m. 13 Jan. 1813). He graduated at Yale in '43, holding fourth place in a class of 96; taught school for about four years, at Fairfield, Brooklyn, and Bennington; cashier of banks at Southport and Seymour, 1847-55, and of the Tradesmen's bank in New Haven, 1855-1867, when infirm health caused his withdrawal from active affairs; has continued to live at New Haven to the present time, Nov. 1895.

Added to the Library of Congress
by Lyman H. Baile, 22 June 1908.

[Reprinted from the "Biographical Records of the Yale Class of 1869," Vol. VII.]

Epistola de Senectute

1901 : æ.55

FORMING AN ADDENDUM TO THE SUPPLEMENT
OF 1895 TO THE "OBITUARY NOTICE OF
A YALE GRADUATE OF '69 WRITTEN
BY HIMSELF IN 1890."

*"—know ye not
Of all ye toil for Nature nothing asks,
But for the body freedom from disease,
And sweet, unanxious quiet, for the mind?"*

—LUCRETIVS (Class Poet of Yale 69, B.C.)

Printed for private distribution by KARL KRON, Publisher, at 107 Waverly Place,
Washington Square, New York City,
Feb. 1902—400 copies.

T. LUCRETI CARI
DE RERUM NATURA

LIBER SECUNDUS.

*Suave, mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
e terra magnum alterius spectare laborem;
non quia vexari quemquamst jucunda voluptas,
sed quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est.
suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri 5
per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli.
sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
edita doctrina sapientum templa serena,
dèspicere unde queas alios passimque videre
errare atque viam palantis quaerere vitæ 10
certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
ad summas emergere opes rerumque potiri.
o miseras hominum mentes, o pectora caeca!
qualibus in tenebris vitæ quantisque periclis 15
degitur hoc ævi quod cumquest! nonne videre
nil aliud sibi naturam latrare, nisi utqui
corpore sejunctus dolor absit, menti' fruatur
jucundo sensu eura semotu' metuque?*

[The metrical translation at the end is that of Dr. John Mason Good, 1805.]

EPISTOLA DE SENECTUTE

WRITTEN FOR VOL. VII. OF "BIOGRAPHIES OF YALE 'SIXTY-NINE,"

BY

LYMAN HOTCHKISS BAGG,

of Washington Square, New York City.

According to the cyclometers attached to my 46-inch bicycle, my life for the six years ending with September 30, 1901, has comprised 10,860 miles of wheeling, distributed among 512 days, as follows: 1895 (last half), 38 rides, 955 miles; 1896, 52 rides, 1248 miles; 1897, 263 rides, 5232 miles; 1898, 53 rides, 1215 miles; 1899, 12 rides, 286 miles; 1900, 5 rides, 124 miles; 1901 (first half), 89 rides, 1800 miles. This makes a total of 27,472 miles ridden on the same machine (1884-1901); and as I had 365 rides of 10,082 miles on its predecessor (1879-'84), my entire record for the 23 years amounts to 37,554 miles.*

In 1895, I took a sixteen days' tour, of 448 miles, from Portland, September 16, to New Haven, October 1,—wheeling 57 miles in Maine, 229 in New Hampshire, 11 in Vermont, 88 in Massachusetts and 65 in Connecticut. My route among the mountains led through Bartlett, Twin Mountain, Bethlehem, Littleton, Franconia, Profile, Flume, Plymouth, Centre Harbor, Concord, Hopkinton and Keene; thence to Brattleboro, where began the good ride down the Connecticut valley. In 1896, my chief exploit was a two days' push of 126 miles, in "zero weather," from New York to Hartford, January 5-6. Leaving Washington Square at 5.50 A. M. of Sunday, I reached Beers's house, 25 Vernon st.,

*Note A, page 45, describes 10,798 miles ridden on toy-velocipedes, 1898-1901, making the total for both sorts of wheeling 48,352 miles.

New Haven, at 8.15 P. M., 84 miles; and on Monday, 12 to 8.05 P. M., completed the journey, 42 miles, and returned home by train. The bitter cold wind helped me on that Sunday ride, and the frozen surface was smoother than I had ever found it in milder weather; but the numerous hills made the 84 miles equivalent as a test of physique to any 100 miles previously conquered by me on an all-day run; and I shall never again take so long a ride.

Between September 23 and October 25, 1896, I made a fourteen days' tour, ending at Scott's house in New Brunswick. The cyclometer recorded only 333 miles (as it failed to act where the road was rough), but the real distance must have exceeded 400. Taking ferry to College Point, I crossed Long Island to Freeport, and then followed the south shore, through Babylon, Eastport, Southampton, Bridgehampton and Easthampton to Amagansett (train across the marshes and sand dunes to Montauk),—a three days' ride of about 110 miles. On September 26, at 3.20 P. M., I experienced all the sensations of "instantaneous death by shock,"† then tramped for five days amid the treeless solitudes of Montauk (to accustom myself to the idea of not having been killed; also to allow the new skin to get started on my battered visage), and pushed my bicycle thence to Sag Harbor, where I took steamer to New London on October 3, and wheeled thence in two rainy days to Rockville. On the 8th, I proceeded from R. to the outskirts of New Haven, 50 miles, and stored my wheel ten days in the old house where my mother and grandfather were born; on the 18th and 19th, I had Beers as a companion for several hours of my local riding which ended at Milford; on the 20th, I covered 52 miles to Williamsbridge; on the 22d, crossed the Hudson at Fort Lee and steered through New Jersey to Elizabeth; and on the afternoon of the last Sunday of October, I finished my oft-interrupted tour at the official mansion of the President of Rutgers College, on Livingston avenue, beyond the banks of the roily Raritan.

† Note B, page 46, gives the details of this almost incredible event.

In 1897, my fourteen days' tour of 328 miles, between September 18 and October 6, was confined to the State of New York, and began and ended with voyages on the Hudson river,—up to Rondout and down from Albany. Entering the Catskill mountains through Saugerties and Palenville, I was stopped by wet weather on the morning of the sixth day, at a little place called Hamden. So I devoted that day to a railroad journey to Canandaigua, in order to visit Hamlin, and help celebrate his silver wedding anniversary, September 25. Rejoining my bicycle again at Hamden, after six days, I fared through Cooperstown, Richfield Springs and Herkimer to Trenton Falls (three days, 105 miles); took train for 70 miles to Amsterdam; and on October 2 wheeled thence through Ballston and Saratoga to Glens Falls, 52 miles in 12 hours, the longest ride of the year. Next day, I was lucky enough to catch the steamer on Lake George, and do some cycling in Ticonderoga; and then I explored the Adirondacks for two days, from Caldwell to North Creek, and took train to Schenectady, where I started at 5.20 A. M. of the 6th, for a swift spin to connect with the morning boat at Albany. Between then and December 30, I had 65 rides of 1104 miles, making my year's total 5232; and as I had 24 rides of 450 miles in January of 1898, my record for the 13 successive months was 5682. Thus my nineteenth season as a wheelman was by far the most active one of all; and, as the shortages of cyclometer were in many cases left uncorrected, it seems probable that the real distance covered in the 287 rides of those 13 months was close upon 6000 miles.

In the *Wheel* of July 21, 1898 (p. 24), I printed an obituary of "the oldest cyclometer in active service in any part of the world, killed at 4.20 P. M. of July 7, near Long Branch, by a fall from the axle of my bicycle, in the twentieth year of its age." This is the one mentioned in last class record (p. 29) as "spoiled in the repair shop at the close of 1892"; but it was afterwards partly cured by expert medical skill, and so gave tolerable service until the tragic event of July 7. During the next two years, my mileage was kept

by a clumsy old mechanism adapted for a 50-inch wheel; but the 1800 miles traveled in 1901 have been acceptably registered by a specially-made Veeder cyclometer, whose numerals may be read from the saddle,—one of them rising into view at the end of every 528 feet. My last and longest ride of '98 was from Portland to West Springfield, October 24 to November 1, 244 miles in seven days,—the last two days covering 56 and 51 miles. The first two days led along the Maine coast, through Kennebunkport and York Beach to Portsmouth; and rain halted me at noon of the third day, just as I crossed from New Hampshire into Massachusetts. Before resuming my tour, three days later, I "won the long-distance trolley championship of the world" (220 miles in 50 hours) as follows: October 27, Boston to Brockton, Taunton, Fall River and New Bedford, 11 A. M. to 6 P. M., 69 miles, standing on front platforms beside the motormen, except for a quarter-hour at Quincy; October 28, New Bedford to Fall River, 6 to 7 A. M., 14 miles, Providence to Brockton and Weymouth, 1 to 5.30 P. M., 52 miles, Boston to Wakefield and Lowell, 7.30 to 11 P. M., 35 miles; October 29, Lowell to Lawrence, Newburyport and Salisbury, 8.30 A. M. to 1 P. M., 50 miles. Previous to this, my longest straight ride of the sort was on July 4, from New Haven to Stamford, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., about 50 miles.

My longest wheeling of 1899 was from West Springfield to New Britain and back, 122 miles, during the last five days of November; and on the two previous days I had stood on the trolley platforms for 153 miles, between Amesbury, Andover, Nashua, Lowell, Cambridge and Worcester. On August 6, I took a 90-mile trolley ride from Providence to Gloucester, with intermediate steamboating between Nantucket and Boston; and on July 1, I "trolled" from Leicester through Worcester to Fitchburg and back through Leicester to West Warren, 8.30 A. M. to 8 P. M., 85 miles. This trip was connected with a bicycle circuit of 70 miles (June 30 and July 2), leading from West Springfield through Wilbraham and Belchertown,—two well-known villages near my

native place which I had never before visited. In 1900, my bicycling was restricted to five days, 124 miles, comprised between the 10th and 16th of June, when I went from West Springfield to Hartford (32 miles), and left the machine there to be fitted with new tires and cyclometers, also with commemorative plate, inscribed thus: "Columbia 234 Jr. (No. 4492) built in 1884 for K. K. by the Pope Mfg. Co. of Hartford, Conn. Mileage record from 24 April 1884 to 30 June 1900: 25,672 miles."

It was due to the persuasiveness of Ehrich that the nineteenth century was allowed to end without my adding at all to this mileage. I greeted the advent of the twentieth century amid the moonlit waves of Long Island Sound, standing solitarily upon the upper deck of a steamer which had come down from Hartford; but I returned to that city nine days later, and took an afternoon's ride to Meriden,—pushing on for New Haven the next forenoon (January 10, 1901), and reaching there in a freezing storm of fine rain, which gave a thin coat of ice to all the steel surfaces of my bicycle. I took it by boat to New York and there (on the 12th) found dry pavements leading from Peck Slip to Washington Square,—a place which it had not visited since May 1, 1898, and which it was destined soon again to depart from, for a voyage of 10,230 miles to 16 ports of Europe, Asia and Africa. The start was made March 9, on the twin-screw cruising yacht "Prinzessin Victoria Luise"; and the dates of arrival at ports, with hours' stay at each, are shown thus: 18th, Funchal, 34; 21st Gibraltar, 11; 24th, Genoa, 67* (three rides, 49 miles); 27th, Villefranche, 30* (Monte Carlo and Nice, 31 miles); 30th, Palermo, 36* (two rides, 33 miles); April 3, Constantinople, 67; 7th, Sebastopol, 46* (two rides, Balaclava and Inkerman, 44 miles), 9th, Yalta, 32; 12th, Batoum, 83 (railroad excursion up the Caucasus mountains to Tiflis); 16th, Trebizond, 12; 19th, Athens, 33* (25 miles); 22d, Naples, 50; 26th, Algiers, 24* (21 miles); 29th, Lisbon, 25; May 4, Cherbourg and Southampton. The bicycling at the six ports designated by star (*)

amounted to 203 miles, and as I had ridden 90 miles before leaving America, the cyclometer at end of voyage stood at 293.

The complacent frame of mind with which I then began a monumental and triumphant progress of 1507 miles, "through merrie England's broad expanse," may be shown by saying that, from the day when that exemplary pirate, Robert le Bagge, from Caen, in Normandy, landed on these shores, a few miles to the eastward, and helped William the Conqueror to "kill and take possession" (A. D. 1066), I suppose no other seafaring member of "the family" ever hailed the chalky cliffs of Britain in such high good humor as I myself did, standing alone at the steamer's prow, on that first Saturday afternoon of May! For exactly eight weeks, I had roamed the seas as a sailorman, under such ideally agreeable conditions that I considered myself the true owner of the boat. I had led my own life to perfection; and, in retrospect, I could see nothing about it capable of improvement as regards self-satisfaction, by any conceivable changes, either of omission or of commission. Even the weather was entirely to my liking; for the day's wind-storm, which made other passengers sea-sick, amused me with the unwonted spectacle of lofty waves throwing their foam to a sunlit sky; while the day's fog off Cherbourg, which prevented the expected landing on May 3, added that much to the cruise without adding to the cost of it, and enabled me to land and begin my conquest of England on the anniversary of the day when the preface to my cycling cyclopedia was signed and dated in 1887.

The phenomenal good-luck which had made me so happy at sea attended my seventy days' saunterings on shore; and the oldest living inhabitant of England could never remember a longer stretch of such perfectly pleasant weather. Of the 75 days included between May 4 and July 17, marking the limits of my tour, rain prevented riding on only five; and four of these wet days were bunched together, after 46 successive rides. There were very few days among the first

50 of the tour, and none among the last 10, when I failed of being at some time in sight of the sea. After preliminary excursions around the Isle of Wight and to Portsmouth and Winchester, I cut clear from Southampton, May 16, and followed the south coast down to Land's End; afterwards going up the west coast beyond Bude, and steering inland for Bath and London; thence proceeding to Canterbury, Margate, Ramsgate and along the south coast to Southampton, July 17, and sailing homeward from that port nine days later, on the steamer "Deutschland" (Room 10).

As darkness did not come on until 9, nearly all my rides began in the afternoon, many of them quite late in the afternoon; and the longest of all (51 miles on a level road to London, June 28) did not begin until 11.30 A. M. I rode then till 2.47 P. M. without a dismount, almost 23 miles; and this was by far my longest stay in the saddle. There were only six other days when I rode as much as 40 miles; often I rode less than 20; sometimes less than 10. Nearly a third of my tour (465 miles) was in Cornwall, famous for its hills, and nearly two-thirds of it was in hilly country. Owing to repetitions in some of the towns, the 1507 miles traversed in the 70 days did not represent as much separate roadway as the 1422 miles of my great straightaway tour of 1883, from Michigan to Virginia, in 40 days between October 8 and November 22. The *London Chronicle* of July 8 printed a three-inch editorial paragraph about me, as the result of an unsuspected "interview" given to its writer while I was taking a look at the house, No. 33 St. James's Place, where I spent the winter of 1875-6, and noting that a quarter-century had made no change at all in its appearance. As the paragraph was reproduced in America by the *Washington Star*, *Hartford Times*, *New York Tribune*, and probably other papers, the first and last words of it may be quoted here:

"St. James's Street and Pall Mall have been startled the last two afternoons by the sight of a gentleman in snow-white knickerbocker suit of flannels riding an old-fashioned bicycle with the large wheel

in front and the small one behind. * * * On it he has ridden over 26,000 miles, and sees no reason to discard it in favour of the more modern pattern. And if the spectacle amuses London, London's amusement, in its turn, amuses him."

The greatest physical test which I have undergone within the past six years, however, was independent of bicycling; and the nature of it is indicated by the following extract from the University Club's *Library Bulletin* of March 17, 1900 (No. 8, p. 101):

"In the removal from the old house, the 16,000 volumes of the library were packed, in bookbinder's cases, on April 19-25 (a period of six working days), so that all the shelves were cleared on the night of the farewell meeting, and all the books were in the new house the next night. The first truck-load of them left Twenty-sixth Street at 10.30 A. M. of April 19 (1899), in charge of the librarian; and he received the last load of miscellaneous library property at Fifty-fourth Street, at 7.15 P. M. of the 27th."

The period of six weeks, originally and properly allotted for the above task, was shortened to six days because of a strike which delayed the construction of the new "two million dollar club house"; and it was still quite unfinished when the transfer of books was actually made, by a force of twelve packers, truckmen and carriers, acting under my direction. There were carpenters, plasterers, painters, electricians, upholsterers, polishers and other workers in the alcoves where I steered my men to dump the books, until 5 P. M. each day. Then I struggled alone, until stopped by darkness, to bring order out of this chaos and make clear spaces where the next day's books might be thrown down; then I returned to the old library, and worked till long after midnight, writing out directions for the next day's packing. Little sleep was possible under this routine, repeated daily for a week; but I survived the strain without collapse. Then came the task of getting the books properly placed upon the unfinished and unworkable shelves, before the re-opening night, May 17. This, too, was accomplished, under very adverse and exasperating conditions; and by the end of July the library might be considered fairly well rearranged. In this process,

I had personally handled each one of the 16,000 books at least once, most of them twice, and many of them several times.

On March 1, 1900, I addressed to the governing body of the club a formal "valedictory," covering three type-written sheets, in which I named "four weeks, four months or four years," as the possible limits of my continuing in office. I explained that a year's hard work, with two designated assistants, would be needed for putting the library into ideal condition; and that, as no suitable provision had been made for its growth beyond four years, the task of a new rearrangement then would be too severe for me, at the age of 57, to undertake. I said that, unless the two needed assistants could be assigned to me at once, my resignation must be accepted for a date not later than June 30. My concluding words were as follows:

"What I do want is simply that suitable means should be given me for comfortably carrying out my ideas about the proper management of the books. They are my best friends, and I hate to leave them,—especially to leave them in any sort of distress or confusion,—but I shall do it, and do it quickly, unless my long-delayed appeal in their behalf be promptly granted. My secondary and merely human friends are nearly all of them members of the University Club; and if I have ever had an enemy here, it is my happy fortune not to know it. In my eleven years' service, I have never been disabled by a day's illness; never drawn a dollar from the treasury without fully earning it; never declined to do any service asked of me by officer or member; never spoken a rude or uncivil word to any member or employe; and my present statement of certain unfortunate truths as factors in my decision to quit the library (whether in this month of March, or as late as March of 1904) must not be construed as implying hostility to anyone, nor as inconsistent with the fact of my having had, on the whole, a very pleasant time here. The point of it all is that, unless those in authority can arrange to make the 'pleasant time' last yet a little longer, I must in duty bound go elsewhere in search of it; but in either case, and on either side, there need be no lack of perfectly friendly feeling."

The day chosen as the final one for my official term was April 30; and I managed when it ended to leave things in shape fairly satisfactory to an orderly mind. The last acts of packing occupied me from midnight till daylight, however;

so that it was 4.48 A. M. of May 1 when I trundled my veloce out of the club-house, and surprised the old night watchman by the assurance that I should enter it never again. If any classmate has the curiosity to read my "valedictory," with accompanying correspondence (ten type-written sheets in all), I shall be glad to send the same for his amusement. Whatever impression the pages may give of my capacity as a polite letter-writer, I certainly took great personal pleasure in the act of thus "riding out of the library on a high horse"; and in retrospect it forms a most happy memory. Very few of the club members, and none of them who are my classmates, were given any advance knowledge of my departure; and I presume that several may first learn of it by the perusal of this record, a year and half after the fact. At all events, the only two club acquaintances who accosted me on my recent foreign travels both supposed that I was still under contract for supplying an atmosphere of intellect and scholarship to the literary annex of the University Club. The books when I left numbered 17,536, whereof 11,005 had been added after March 20, 1889, when my work began; and of those acquired by purchase (7064) nearly all were in effect selected by myself.

Beers, Scott, Clarke and Hamlin are the classmates whom I have made most effort to keep in touch with during the past six years, as well as in the years that went before, but Ehrich is the one who has exercised most influence on my personal conduct. At the time of the Third Party convention of Sept. 5, 1900, we had a discussion as to the possibility of restoring the republic which was overthrown in 1898, when the scheme of "stealing nigger islands in all parts of the world" was welcomed with such general hilarity. I said that the only faculty-men whose sincerity and good-sense made any great impression on me as an undergraduate were Professors Sumner and Wheeler; that, after 33 additional years given by them to the diligent study of the human animal, they were presumably wiser than when I knew them; and that their recent expressions as to the cumulative power

of the grip by which the Jingoës had finally got control of the governmental machine, rendered me skeptical about any movement for dislodging them,—especially a fifty-cent-dollar movement, under so flighty and half-hearted a leader as Bryan. A more hopeful view was taken by Ehrich, who said he should begin making campaign speeches out West, as soon as he could get his affairs arranged; and that I, having no affairs to control me (except the plan of a monumental bicycle tour, to celebrate the happy ending of my eleven years' imprisonment), ought rather to stay in New York and try my luck as a "spellbinder."

This recommendation was ridiculed by me as an absurdity; but Ehrich was persistent; and the final result of his persuasive enthusiasm was, that I devoted my entire energies during October to "winning votes for Bryan." An association which had charge of holding so-called anti-imperialist meetings in the various Assembly districts, accepted me as "a member of its press committee"; and, in that capacity, I sat on the platform at a dozen of these meetings, and made speeches at four of them,—October 1, 11, 20 and 26,—talking 42 minutes on the last occasion, and half as long on the earlier ones. These four meetings were small affairs,—the last two being in a Grand Street store which would hold only 100 people. The other two were in halls about three times as large, situated respectively in German and Jewish quarters of the city, and were made lively by red fire and brass bands. All four of them were full meetings, however, and remained so for the appointed two hours. The same may be said of the other ten which I attended,—some of which were in much larger halls and were addressed by speakers well enough known to be mentioned in the newspapers. I always stayed till the end, and took careful notes of what happened, and what sort of talk seemed best to please the crowds. At each of "my" four meetings there were at least a half-dozen other speakers besides the chairman, and many of them were local residents whom the audience knew; but all the men on the platform as well as on the floor were as utterly unknown

to me as I was to them; and I have never seen or heard of one of them since.

My success in holding the attention of these people, and in talking straight along without a break, convinced me that I could stand up against much larger audiences, provided I were angry enough about a given matter to make the effort seem worth while; but my chief energies as a campaigner were given not to oratory but to the circulation of anti-imperialist literature at these district meetings, as well as through the mails,—and this task implied an extensive correspondence with the leagues of Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, as well as New York. I also took pains to get advance notices of all rallies continuously announced through the press, and I printed a few pieces in the *Springfield Republican* and the *Evening Post*. In addition to fourteen nights at the district assemblies, I spent ten evenings at larger meetings (including the two addressed by Bryan), and I planned a monster gathering of black men, to be addressed by original abolitionists of Massachusetts; but dropped the scheme because no proper funds were available for pushing it to success. Possibly, I may sometime formulate from my notes the “impressions” made upon me by the six weeks’ steady gaze into the faces of assembled multitudes of “our fierce democracie.” I felt a sort of intellectual curiosity in trying to discover whether they really cared to restore the old constitution, and the old ideals of justice, which the well-to-do and socially-superior classes had so generally repudiated “with a light heart.” I did not solve this enigma; and my chief satisfaction, after the long autumn struggle ended, was the moral one of having done what I could to “wash the blood from my own hands.”

More than eight years have elapsed since I have been troubled by any extended physical pain. In February of 1893, a vague tingling in my left finger tips gradually developed into continuous pains extending to the elbow, so that on the 21st I was forced to abandon the customary “let alone” cure, and take counsel of a medicine-man. He found

my weight was 159 pounds, or 16 more than normal for a man five and a half feet high; and he told me to substitute unsweetened coffee for the chocolate which had been my breakfast beverage for about 25 years; also to abstain from certain fat-producing foods. Following these changes, my weight came down to the desired 143, in the course of four months, and has not since much exceeded that. A week before the close of my recent long ride in England, it stood at 147, and it is now 145. Application of the hot iron, and of electricity, were made to my arm, up to March 22, without banishing the neuralgic twinges; but on the 28th and 30th I made trial of cold steel, in the form of a bicycle (continuous snow having prevented the use of this after the fourth day of the year), with manifest benefit; and, under the further application of this remedy, the pains diminished gradually through April, and disappeared in June. They have not since returned. It was about the end of the previous October, I think, that rheumatism bothered me for a few weeks, with swellings at knee and ankle-joints, and shoulder-pains when I put my coat on. The trouble stopped suddenly, without treatment, and has not been repeated. The freezing of my four left fingers was the penalty I paid for the sport of "handling a bicycle without gloves," on a Sunday afternoon of midwinter, January 13, 1895. An intended short ride was prolonged, under the temptation of sunny weather, to Yonkers, 17 miles; and then a snow-squall suddenly brought on an intensely cold wave, which made the return journey a trying one for bare hands,—especially where the roads had frozen into such roughness as prevented the development of warmth by rapid riding. The medicine-man who fixed up the frozen fingers assures me I am remarkably lucky in having them so well restored that they have since been no more sensitive to cold than the other ones.

The approach of my 50th birthday was definitely dreaded by me as marking a sort of dead-line beyond which no man might expect to grope his way without the aid of eye-glasses; but I am now almost 55 and have not yet been forced to use

them. This seems the more notable because there have been very few days during the past quarter-century when I have gone to bed before midnight. I usually sleep nine hours; and, when in my own bedroom, I practically sleep in the open air,—even through the coldest and stormiest nights of winter. For the past six years, I have made special effort to be in the open air and sunshine for as many daylight hours as possible; and the 6000 miles of bicycling during the thirteen months next after my 50th birthday had for one definite object the postponement of that inevitable curse called “wearing spectacles.” I presume it must overtake me before long (because I already feel a difficulty in deciphering the fine-type statistics of a railroad guide, when the light is poor); but I now record my satisfaction at having been allowed to ride away from it up to the present time.

On many days in my recent eight weeks' voyage, I read for eight or nine hours, without any weariness to my eyes; and on nearly all those days, I practiced a quarter-hour's club swinging, as my first morning act after getting out of the tub. These two habits have clung pretty closely together ever since Freshman year; and, though I often neglect the club on mornings when I am sure of other exercise, there has never been a day since the middle of that year (March 15, 1866) when I have neglected to take a bath,—usually a cold one. As a continuous performance, this may very likely come quite close to a “world's record,”—at least as regards present survivors of the sport,—and the mention of it offers an easy and effective way of conveying the implication that for thirty-five and a half years I have been blessed with exceptionally good health. As for my outward appearance, enough of the ghostly tokens of age have grown beneath my ears to give a grizzled look to my side-whiskers; but my moustache and hair may still be classed as brown, and no part of my head is absolutely devoid of hair,—though the thinness of the thatch on its north-west corner has now become so pronounced that even my most sycophantic barber has ceased to allude to the place as a “cowlick.” My teeth

have stood by me fairly well, but in 1896 the officer-in-charge recommended that some of them be protected by what he called "bridge work"; and this proved so satisfactory that I allowed him to extend the process to another section of them, four years later. I now, therefore, grind my food between golden jaws; and this artificial surface seems pleasanter and neater than the original one provided by nature. It is said to be more durable, also, and to preclude the possibility of pain.

I am now well along on the eighth year of my stay at No. 107 Waverly Place (rear flat, two flights up), and have no intention of leaving it, unless thrown out by some upheaval in ownership, before the autumn of 1916, which marks the end of my proposed forty years' stay on Washington Square. It must be plain from what has been said that visitors can rarely expect to find me at home except by special appointment; but the best chance of catching me when no notice has been given is between noon and one o'clock. On the day when I boarded the steamer "Deutschland," off Southampton, July 26, I learned from a London paper of that date that the largest boat in the world, the "Celtic" of the White Star line, would simultaneously steam out from Liverpool on her maiden voyage westward; and I resolved at once to make an early inspection of her. This resolve was intensified, soon after I landed, by the sight of an appetizing advertisement about "Clark's Cruise of the 'Celtic'"; and a glow of generous pride suffused my bosom as I thought, "At last, my ingenious classmate, the Skipper, is to do something really commensurate with the magnificent nautical legend which the drifting years have wreathed around his name!" I quickly picked out a front room, therefore, and at once ordered a hand-stamp with this inscription:

"These presents (dated N. Y. 1 August, 1901) announce the traveler's return to Washington Square, and his expected departure thence, 8 February, 1902, on s. s. 'Celtic' (Room 51), for cruise to Egypt, ending 9 April at Liverpool, followed by bicycle tour in Ireland. From February to July, his London address will be the same as 1901." (Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall.)

My eight-days' trip up the Nile is appointed to begin at Cairo, at noon of February 28, on the s. s. "Mayflower"; and Room 53, near the bow, is the one which my classmates and other admirers may be expected to decorate with flowers. (The matter of attaching a memorial tablet to the door may properly be held in abeyance until after my return.) I have bespoken Room 5 on the "Celtic," for her westward trip from Liverpool on 20 June,—which will be the thirtieth anniversary of the day when another White Star boat started thence to bring me back to the triennial reunion of the class.

My chief indulgence in printer's ink, during the last six years, is represented by an octavo pamphlet (16 pages of fine type; 500 copies printed in April, 1896), giving all the biographical statistics I had been able to collect about my "Bagg Ancestry" for six generations, and designed to form the first section of a general work presenting similar statistics about my "Atwater Ancestry," and the Rogers and Hotchkiss ancestors of my two grandmothers. I planned to illustrate this work with photographs of the residences of four Bagg ancestors at West Springfield, and of four houses at New Haven in which resided my Atwater and Hotchkiss great-grandfathers and their fathers; and I procured most of the half-tone plates needed for printing pictures of these eight houses, which are still standing. As my mother took considerable interest and pleasure in the progress of this work, my own enthusiasm for carrying it on was naturally diminished by her death. This happened December 27, 1895, from pneumonia, after a week's painless illness, and within a week of reaching the fifty-fifth anniversary of her marriage. She was at the middle of her seventy-ninth year, and had been a widow for more than forty-three years. Her health was always good, and her eyesight continued notably so until the end; but she began to use reading-glasses at 50, and my knowledge of that fact made me fear a similar fate for myself. My brother's widow, with her four daughters and two grandchildren, have continued to keep up the home; and it will not go out of the family during my lifetime.

A spur to the renewal of my activity in compiling "Atwater Ancestry," and other outlined sections of the projected book, was supplied last month by the publication of a third and much enlarged edition of "Atwater History and Genealogy, 1484-1901" (Meriden: F. Atwater, 8vo, pp. viii, 492; \$5), one of whose numerous illustrations is a photograph of a house on State Street near East Rock (p. 96), which was built by a man born in 1650, and is included among the eight named in my own collection. He was a nephew of the Joshua Atwater whom Governor Eaton left in command of the half dozen pioneers, "during the winter of 1637-8, to make the necessary provision for the coming colonists." This earliest boss of New Haven became first owner of the Yale grounds on which Osborn and Vanderbilt halls now stand; he sold the same to William Tuttle, who sold to widow Hester Coster, who (dying in 1691) gave by will to First Church, which sold in 1717 to "the undertakers of the Collegiate School," who began erecting there, October 8, their first building, to which they next year gave the name Yale College. Much of the block lately acquired for the bi-centennial buildings had also been Atwater property; and the New Haven *Register* remarked of the historic houses torn down to make way for them: "The most famous of these is the old Atwater place at 140 College Street. In 1748, it was the only house on the street, from Grove to Elm, and it is believed to have been built about 1743. It has a history that is coincident with that of Yale for nearly 100 years, and it sheltered at one time or another many distinguished Yale men." A photograph of it is reproduced at p. 91 of the Atwater History.

My prospectus, announcing an intention to compile and print "a list of the descendants of John Bagg and Hannah Burt, who were married at Springfield, December 24, 1657," bears a date more than 30 years old; and I am rather appalled at the brevity of the time now left me in which to fulfill the promise. My present intention is to put in type within a few years the facts already accumulated, and so

render probable their later presentation in a completer family book, which some younger descendant may feel moved to publish, in case I do not live long enough to do so. Another thing which I hope to put in shape and print, is a scheme for reforming the present hap-hazard system which the Yale graduates have of printing their class records. The class secretary of Yale '58, William P. Bacon, of New Britain, after being 40 years in office, issued a pamphlet on this subject, which revived my interest in the matter; and I have had considerable correspondence and conversation with him about it, at intervals, since 1898. If I succeed in formulating a suitable statement, my plan is not only to circulate it among the secretaries, but to hold it in type and persuade them to use the type in printing an appendix to their several class records. Another reform which I have intended to tackle, ever since our own J. R. has been a Congressman, is that of persuading Congress to complete the decimal coinage system by the issue of a copper token for $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents; but I don't know that even my eloquence could persuade Thayer to embrace this dazzling chance for immortality as a constructive statesman; and my first argument in support of "the movement" is yet to be written. I have a general intention of trying my luck at a few magazine articles, which shall exhibit some of the impressions made upon my mind, during three months' observation, of the manners and customs of the English. I also plan to produce a more serious piece (embodying the ideas which I have occasionally advanced in private talk ever since Lincoln was murdered), which shall urge the abolition of the only constitutional office in the civilized world whose sole logical function and effect is to encourage assassination,—namely, the Vice-Presidency. The title provisionally chosen for my argument is, "Take Down the Death's Head!"

* NOTE A (See page 27). A total mileage of 21,658 may be shown for the last six years, if there be added to my regular record the 10,798 miles traversed on the low-down toy-velocipedes, with pneumatic tires, such as are now in general vogue all over the world. I have more than once seen Beers humping along the road on one of these grotesque contrivances for alleviating the tedium of second childhood; also Hillhouse; also Foster; and I am credibly informed that Hooker, and Linas, and McLane, and even the ex-sailorman Clarke, have pattered on the thing at times, under the delusion, that they might extract wit sport from it. Richardson, furthermore, had the effrontery to print notice in the *Evening Post* sometime last year, pretending to recommend this sort of vehicle for the scholarly excursionist along the roads of classic Greece. I noticed, however, that he took mighty good care to hurry away from Athens, and thus avoid odious comparisons, on the day when I drove my real bicycle up the slope of the Acropolis (April 19, 1901), in order to have a look at the "ruins of the New Haven State House," which he and other hardened archaeologists carried over there, some years ago.

My excuse for giving any toleration to the veloce is, that it was first thrust upon me as a birthday gift by some highly esteemed friends, to signalize my arrival at the great age of 51, and their consequent hopefulness in pushing me forward as the safest candidate for the coveted position of Oldest Living Graduate. I could not well refuse their gift without seeming to be ungracious, but I coupled with its acceptance the condition that the First of April (a Friday) should be the date of my initiatory performance. This began about 9 P. M., when darkness threw a kindly veil upon the scene, and the trees of Washington Square waved their leafless branches in sympathetic sorrow over my humiliation. My 90th ride, through 25 miles of rain and mist on December 31, brought the first season's mileage to 2100; in 1899, I had 270 rides, amounting to 3687 miles; in 1900, 312 rides, 4271 miles; in 1901 (to September 30), 94 rides, 740 miles.

This shows a total mileage of 10,798, divided among 766 rides; and within an hour or two after the 151st ride was ended (August 9, 1899, record 4386 miles), my birthday gift was stolen from the University Club. Replacing it, August 12, by a "Columbia chainless," I have tried the latter 615 days, recording 6412 miles. Its longest tour was 284 miles in nine days, July 14-22, 1900, ending with a 67-mile run, from Glens Falls to Albany, the route of the previous eight days having extended from West Springfield to Burlington, and from Au Sable Chasm to Plattsburg,—with steamboating on Lakes Champlain and George. The only long tour of the gift veloce was an eight days' circuit, from New Haven to Brattleboro and back, June 6-13, 1898, 325 miles, without much repetition of roadway. The last four days covered 215 miles, beginning with a 73-mile run. This is the longest day's ride I have ever taken on one of these pneumatic toys; and the physical effort involved was hardly equal to that of a 50-mile ride on a real bicycle.

† NOTE B (See page 28). There were two earlier occasions great dangers came very close to me; and the same have been described in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" (November 9, 1886, near Honesdale, Pa., pp. 44-45; and June 22, 1886, near Somerville, N. J., p. 733); but this third contact with mortal peril (September 26, 1896, near the light-house at eastern extremity of Long Island) was so much closer than the others that my escape from it seems unaccountable and miraculous. On the forenoon of that fated day, when I mounted towards the terminal station at Montauk,—which is about six miles from the Light, while the "Third House" where I stayed is between the two.—I was surprised to see my bicycle reflecting the sun's rays on the platform, although I had personally trundled it in seclusion of the baggage-room, when I disembarked from the train the previous night. I had refrained then from fastening it together by chain and padlock (as is my usual custom when I leave it out of my sight), for I assumed that the official check of the railroad company would be a sufficient guaranty against its being tampered with. When the station-agent unchecked the machine for me, I drew his attention to the fact that some one had been riding it during the hours of my absence, because the condition of the pedals showed it had had some falls in the sand,—the entire bicycle having been burnished to a state of ideal brightness when I left it in his official keeping. He admitted that "some of the train-men must have got hold of it," while waiting to begin their morning's work, but would not disclose the identity of the chief performer. Recalling the interest with which the man in charge of the car had regarded the machine, the night before, and his expressed curiosity to test his own former ability as a rider of one, I could guess pretty well what had happened; but, as a brief survey disclosed no parts bent or broken by this unlawful usage, I made no formal complaint, and rode eight or nine miles all right, before returning to the "Third House" for my midday repast. My only excuse for not examining the tire (which is liable to be loosened by the falls and short turns of an unskilled rider) was the fact of having just taken the bicycle from the hands of a trustworthy repairer, who said he had put it in perfect condition for the proposed long tour. Nevertheless the tire had in truth been separated from the rim, by the train-men's morning sport, and its condition made every riding moment perilous; for whenever this solid india-rubber slips off between the rim and the fork, stoppage must needs be instantaneous, without even the shadow of warning.

The fall which was caused me by such a stoppage, on the last Saturday afternoon of September, in 1896, was the only one of the sort encountered in driving a bicycle 37,000 miles; but the shock of it was so great that if the force of all the other falls experienced by me in the 23 years' riding could be conceived of as combined, the result could not seem more terrific and indescribable. It was the crash of annihilation; it was the supremely foolish ending of all things; it was death! In the twinkling of an eye, the fixed and solid earth had leaped madly

Is and torn the head from my shoulders! There could be no that I was any longer alive! To-day, in trying to find words for strange sensations, I recall the single incident in the story of "My Mutual Friend" which has never faded from my memory, and, opening the book for the first time in more than thirty years, I copy down this phrase by which Dickens tried to show how Eugene Wrayburn felt when felled by the murderer's unlooked-for blow: "In an instant, with a dreadful crash, the reflected night turned crooked, flames whirled jaggedly across the air, and the moon and stars came bursting down like hail from the sky." Another comparison is to the sensation of a man whom a giant Blunderbore might strike on the forehead with so savage a blow of his club as to force a backward somersault, ending in the perpendicular.

Now, something analogous to this is what actually happened to me,—possible as it may seem to others and inexplicable as it must always seem to myself. I do not believe that I entirely lost consciousness, even for a moment; but when conviction returned to me that my head had not really been wrenched off by the catastrophe of the universe, and that my feet stood firmly on the same sunlit earth known to my previous existence, I began to marvel at the process by which I could have been put upon my feet, and to look my body over to find what parts of it below my forehead had struck the ground when I plunged from the bicycle. I could discover no such parts. I whipped off my white coat, only to find it spotless. There was no dirt on my white knee-breeches; none on my black stockings; none on my hands; nor did any tell-tale bruise or sore spot develop later. The cutting of a hole through the brim of my white cloth hat showed how this had served as a cushion to restrict within the limits of a half-inch the abrasion of skin on my forehead, just above the inner end of the left eyebrow. Blood trickled down my nose from a scratch which a bit of gravel made between my eyes, and which produced a few days' swelling; but there was no bleeding of the nose, and very little skin was scraped from it. The whole organ was given a raw appearance, however, by the violent forcing of blood to its surface, under jar of the collision which caused me to take a backward somersault without breaking my neck. For a few days there was gradually diminishing pains of lameness across the shoulders, and along the throat, and a stiffness of the neck, but my head itself suffered not at all. Never once in my life, indeed, have I known the sensation of headache,—not even when a malarial fever in 1882 caused every other part of my body to be racked with pain.

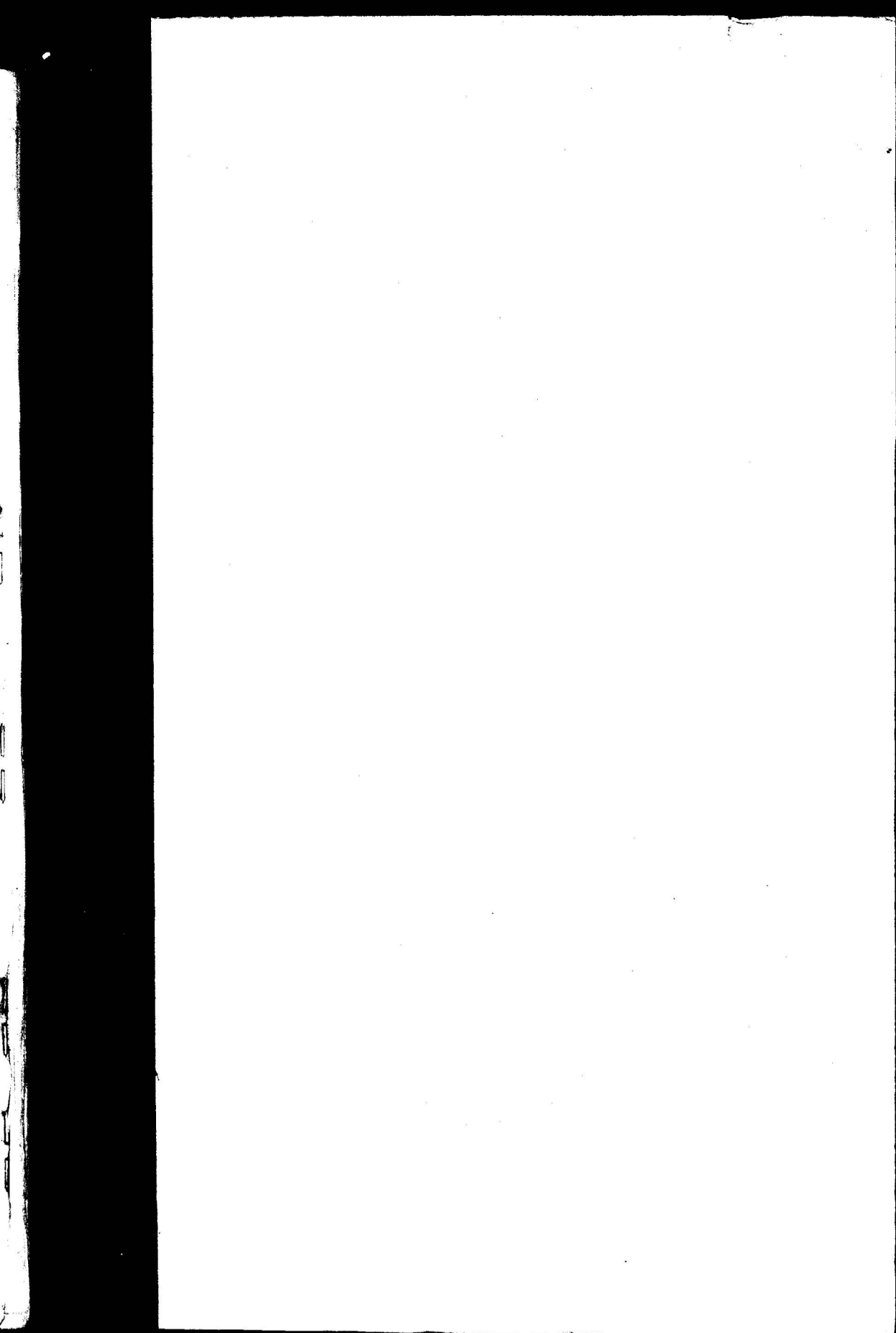
This strange escape as by a hair's breadth from instant death, impressing me anew with the shortness and uncertainty of life, naturally led to my taking more frequent rides than ever before on the good old bicycle,—so that within the limits of thirteen months ending in January, 1898, I traversed 6000 miles. One other contributing cause to my making this unprecedentedly long record has already been mentioned; namely, the desire of thus keeping my general health at such a pitch of robustness as might help to postpone the inevitable triumph of old

age over my eyesight until at least the close of my fiftieth year. My actual success, in pushing such postponement even five years beyond the dreaded dead-line, is perhaps the thing which has chiefly impelled me to give such full details of the processes and circumstances leading up to that happy result.

Fifteen days have been spent in the compilation of these personal statistics (which are designed to supersede the fifteen lines printed in June of 1899, for this seventh class record that was then expected to be printed in July), and *Epistola de Senectute* may well stand as a proper title for the same. When a man gets within fifteen years of the place called Seventy, he is bound to recognize the increasing probability that each contribution he makes to the class record may be his final one. In case, therefore, this latest and longest of mine is destined to be also the last, I want to have those who are interested in it accept the following verses as representing the philosophy which guided my life, ever since I got to the end of its active struggle. I printed my own "obituary notice" in the class record of 1890. This quotation is from one of my most esteemed predecessors in the arduous and honorable office of Class Poet, namely, T. Lucretius Carus, of the Yale Class of 69 B. C.):

"How sweet to stand, when tempests tear the main,
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil!
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure!
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view
Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war!
But sweeter far, on Wisdom's height serene,
Upheld by Truth, to fix our firm abode;
To watch the giddy crowd that, deep below,
For ever wander in pursuit of bliss;
To mark the strife for honors, and renown,
For wit and wealth, insatiate, ceaseless urged,
Day after day, with labor unrestrained.

O wretched mortals!—race perverse and blind!
Through what dread dark, what perilous pursuits,
Pass ye this round of being!—know ye not
Of all ye toil for Nature nothing asks,
But for the body freedom from disease,
And sweet, unanxious quiet, for the mind?"



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